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CONTENTS

	Page
Comments	809
The Politics of Pensions	812
Mirage in the Waste Land	812
London Diary. By Critic	813
Lost Property. By Sagittarius	814
This England	814
The Dominici Affair. By Paul Johnson	814
First and Second Class Hospitals. By Kenneth Robinson, M.P.	816
Farming the Desert. By Ritchie Calder	818
So They Say . . . By Queequeg	818
Designed to be Read as Literature. By W. John Morgan	820
The Admirable "K"	822
The Arts and Entertainment:	Page
A New Tristan. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	823
Fernand Léger and the Future. By John Berger	823
Look and Listen. By William Salter	824
The Movies. By William Whitebait	824
Correspondence	826
From John Riley; Fenton Bresler; Sybil Morrison; Victor Purcell; L. M. Green; Malcolm Elwin; Donald Hatwell; H. Coombes; John Hatch; Bernard Mayo.	
Books in General. By V. S. Pritchett	831
The Fall of Knossos. By Richard Murphy	832
Reviews:	Page
The Policeman of Europe. By A. J. P. Taylor	832
Designs for Living. By Adam Curle	832
Phantoms and Objects. By G. S. Fraser	834
The Dedicated Laird. By J. I. M. Stewart	835
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	835
Alternative to Comics. By Naomi Mitchison	836
Gift Books	837
Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West	838
Week-end Competition	839
Chess. By Assiac	840
Week-end Crossword. By Set-square	841

The Hanging of Mrs. Christofi

Public opinion has consented, despite the teachings of modern psychology, to the retention of judicial hanging as the ultimately effective deterrent against murder; but only by imposing the most stringent safeguards against its being carried out except where the conviction of guilt is unchallengeable. Not only must the fact of murder be brought home beyond doubt, but the accused person must be sane enough to know both the nature of the act and that it was wrong. Apart from a natural squeamishness against hanging the insane, this limitation is logical enough: no fear of punishment—not even death by hanging—would deter the person who is too mad to understand the nature of his act.

The test of insanity accepted in the courts is that of the M'Naghten Rules. But, because these rules—a century old—are held by modern alienists to exclude some forms of mental illness which could mitigate guilt, an examination must be carried out in the condemned cell by the Home Secretary's medical representatives (not at this stage confined within the limits of the M'Naghten Rules) to see if there is any possible doubt about the sanity, and hence full consciousness of guilt, of the convicted murderer. Thus, we assure our consciences, we have erected a close network of safeguards, which guarantees society against the guilt of an unjust hanging. Sir Frank Newsam, head of the Home Office and the Home Secretary's most intimate adviser, used some words in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, which seem to us to contain the essential point:

> Very occasionally cases occur in which the sentence of death is commuted because the Home Secretary feels that, despite the verdict of the jury, there is a scintilla of doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. In some such cases the Home Secretary may receive information which was not before the court and tends to throw some doubt on the prisoner's guilt, but even where there is no new information it is thought right that, if the Home Secretary feels the slightest doubt, the prisoner should be given the benefit of it.

This is the background against which Mr. Lloyd George permitted the hanging, at Holloway jail last Wednesday, of Styllou Pantopiou Christofi; and it is with this procedure in mind that the public must judge the well-publicised opinion on her medical condition furnished by the Prison Medical Officer. Let us recall in summary what he said. As a result of two months close observation of Mrs. Christofi, Dr. Christie stated on the 5th October, before her trial: "I . . . have formed the opinion that she is mentally deranged." After defining the nature of her mental disorder in a manner which exactly meets the demands of the M'Naghten Rules, Dr. Christie concluded: "In my opinion Mrs. Christofi is insane, but is medically fit to plead and to stand trial." When Mrs. Christofi in fact came to stand her trial, her advisers had no hesitation in recommending her to plead insanity. This she categorically refused to do; and, since she was certified as fit to plead, her defence could not enter such a plea without her consent. She was duly convicted: there were no legal grounds on which her appeal could succeed, and her life (as well as the conscience of society) rested in the hands of the Home Secretary. Mr. Lloyd George was unable to find any reason for interfering with the execution.

There are two comments which must be made on this. First, let us assume that the Home Secretary's panel of advisers, whose duty it was to examine Mrs. Christofi's mental condition after her conviction, advised that she was sane. Yet how is it possible for a Home Secretary, even with that advice before him, to look at the report of a most experienced Prison Medical Officer, couched in the language which Dr. Christie used, and to feel not "the slightest doubt"? Secondly, this disturbing decision by the Home Secretary must call in question the effectiveness of the prerogative of mercy as the last line of defence against a miscarriage of justice. Mrs. Christofi's legal advisers knew that she was insane. The prison doctor knew that she was insane. Had his evidence ever come before the jury, there can be very little doubt that a verdict

of insanity would have been returned, and Mrs. Christofi would have been placed, where she belonged, in an asylum. The sentence of death was thus ironically passed on her, only because she behaved like so many mentally deranged people and refused to face the fact of her madness. Here, in fact, is a case where the Home Secretary was confronted with "information which was not before the court," evidence which, had it been given, must almost certainly have saved Mrs. Christofi from the scaffold—not as an act of mercy but in accordance with the law of England. Here surely is a case where, if the prerogative of mercy is ever to be trusted as the last line of defence against judicial murder, it should have worked. The fact that it did not is a reproach to us all.

The Mystery of the U.S. Airmen

One fact—or rather one proposition which appears to have been accepted by both sides—puts the Chinese legally in the wrong over the imprisonment of, at any rate, eleven of the thirteen U.S. airmen recently sentenced as spies. It is that these eleven men were in uniform; and, by accepted definition, a uniformed soldier cannot be a spy. Nor can this argument be considered pointlessly legalistic when one remembers that it was the Communists who insisted on the very letter of the law over the repatriation of the Chinese and North Korean P.W.s. The value of conventions limiting the practices of war is the protection they offer to individual soldiers of all nations; but this protection depends on the acceptance of the law on every occasion. Thus, whatever may be the moral justification of the Chinese complaints against the U.S., their effect is weakened by what appears to be a contravention of a well-established rule of war.

As to the background of this strange incident, the American explanation that the airmen were shot down in the course of an operational sortie during the Korean war may be true. The fact, however, that two of the airmen were dressed in civilian clothes makes the Chinese allegation that the aircraft was engaged on a spy-dropping mission from Formosa at least equally credible. The Chinese then apparently go on to argue that since they were not officially at war with either the U.S. or the U.N., airmen shot down in such circumstances cannot be P.W.s and must be subject to the law of China. This we believe to be bad international law. If, moreover, the Chinese have strong grounds—which so far they have not fully revealed—for claiming that this operation had nothing whatever to do with the Korean war, then the argument that the airmen's detention is a violation of the armistice agreement must be invalid.

What stands out clearly in a maze of legal and factual obscurities is that Peking is in no mood to be diplomatically accommodating, and that the Americans are about to be hoist with their own petard. It is as a result of U.S. policy that the Peking Government is not a member of the U.N.; and so long as the Chinese have reasonable grounds for arguing that the affair is irrelevant to the Korean truce, they are unlikely to make a concession to American public opinion—least of all, perhaps, when the request is made by the U.N. Secretary-General.

Rebuff to Mendès-France

The Soviet Note addressed last weekend to the Western Powers was an uncompromising document. Ratification of the Paris Agreements, it said, would not merely impede a settlement of the Austrian Treaty; it would make Four-Power talks on the unification of Germany "void of substance," and would necessitate, on the part of the Eastern Bloc, "measures to step up their armaments." The harshness with which the Note was worded is capable of two interpretations. It may be thought in Moscow that this flat assertion of the complete impossibility of unifying a re-armed Western Germany "with the peace-loving German Democratic Republic" may strengthen the German Social-Democrats in their still-continuing efforts to obstruct ratification. (Indeed, even if the Bundestag ratifies the Agreements, the Social-Democrats and the trade unions between them can do quite a lot to hamper the actual formation of a new Wehrmacht.) On the other hand, the Soviet Note was couched in terms suggesting that the real addressee was the French Government—with copies "for information" to the U.S. and Britain. There was a studied omission of any reference to the proposal, made by M. Mendès-France, for a Four-Power conference next May; and there was not the slightest hint of Russian willingness to "play" along the lines of the French Premier's idea that ratification of the Paris Agreements by the National Assembly might be tacitly conditional on the understanding that East-West negotiations would be resumed before a German army became an actual fact. It looks, in short, as if Moscow had written Mendès-France off as inherently, if ingeniously, an accomplice of "Western militarism."

New Policy in Japan

Mr. Yoshida's "bending-over-backwards-for-America" policy has finally cost him the Premiership of Japan as well as the leadership of the Liberal Party. The ultra-conservative, 71-year-old Ichiro Hatoyama, who succeeds him, will revert to Japan's traditional policy of looking both ways. An enemy of Communism, he yet wants increased trade with Russia and China. Foreign Minister (and Deputy Premier) Mamoru Shigemitsu has more specifically stated that Japan is "willing to restore normal relations with the Soviet Union and Communist China on mutually acceptable terms," but added that priority will go to "our basic collaboration within the free nations." In other words, the new Japanese Cabinet, reflecting public opinion, finds it common sense as well as good business to respond favourably to the Sino-Soviet advances of the past few months. But can any Japanese Government achieve a more normal economy as long as her industrial life is dictated from Washington and prejudiced by remilitarisation? No wonder that Mr. Shigemitsu has already suggested a revision of the Mutual Security Aid agreement with the U.S. on a "really reciprocal basis." As the election campaign gets under way—early March is suggested as election day—public opinion, now recovering from American occupation, will undoubtedly demand the end of American monopoly in economic and strategic affairs. Even though the new Government, led by Mr. Hatoyama, reflects the will of big business rather than that of the people, economic pressures in Japan will probably make for the early removal of restrictions on trade with China and the Soviet Union.

Railway Subsidy Refused

The Minister of Transport's answer to the N.U.R.'s contention that part of the State's profit of £124 million from wartime railway operations should be applied to improving railway wages was to refuse a subsidy. He argued that he was looking to three things—modernisation of plant, greater freedom in fixing charges, and re-deployment of labour—to put the railways back on their financial feet, though he recognised that these were only long-run remedies and wished for time to consider the N.U.R.'s case. He suggested a reopening of negotiations with arbitration in reserve. Naturally, this answer did not satisfy the N.U.R. leaders, who have to reckon with the widespread dissatisfaction of their members. There seems to be no question now of a Christmas stoppage, but a certainty of trouble in the near future unless the Commission is enabled to improve on its offer. Trouble is also threatening in the London bus services, where the ban on overtime has been re-enforced; and the two disputes may possibly come to a head together in the New Year. It is not easy to believe, whatever Mr. Boyd-Carpenter may say, that the railways can be made to pay and to yield reasonable wages for many years to come unless a real attempt is made to co-ordinate rail and road transport. The Tories, in abandoning—by road haulage denationalisation—any prospect of co-ordination, have set the railways an impossible task; but this ought not to be allowed to condemn the railway workers to permanent underpayment through no fault of their own.

PARIS

Note on a Debate

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week's debate on North Africa, which the Government finally survived by 29 votes, provides some interesting sidelights on the laws and customs of the Palais Bourbon. It was not until 11.45 p.m. when the Assembly recessed after M. Mendès-France's final declaration on behalf of the Government, that the Deputies got down to serious politics in the lobbies. At this stage, Mendès-France was certain of about 250 votes—the Socialists (104), two-thirds of the Radicals (50), the Overseas Independents and the U.D.S.R. (32), half the Gaullists (40), and a scattering of Independents and Peasants. All these groups had agreed to support a short motion by M. Mailhe (Radical) simply expressing approval of the Government's declarations. Three unknown factors remained: the Imperialist wing of the Gaullists (29), the Radical followers of M. René Mayer (20), and the M.R.P. If the M.R.P. were to abstain (a logical move, since the Government's North African policy corresponds roughly with the official motion passed at the last M.R.P. Congress) the attitude of the other two groups would not be decisive. As the Deputies left the Chamber, however, M. Bidault (smarting from a personal attack in the current issue of *L'Express*, which he had just read) announced for all to hear: "I don't care what their policy is—*je voterai contre!*" This meant a split M.R.P. vote.

M. Mendès-France, therefore, made it his first task to mollify M. Mayer. During his speech he had endorsed M. Mayer's formula for Tunisia—"internal autonomy, not independence." This was just about as far as he could go in public. At midnight, however, he received M. Mayer in his private office at the Assembly. His assurances appear to have been successful, and by 12.30 a.m. it was known that the Mayer group would support the Mailhe motion. The next stage was to mobilise as many Gaullists as possible. At 2 a.m., when the Gaullist group met, M. Fouchet, the Gaullist Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, conceived a brilliant plan—which, as it turned out, nearly led to disaster. Even if some Gaullists disapproved of recent events in North Africa, he argued, they could hardly refuse their votes if the Government adopted a *Gaullist* motion. And this could be drawn up simply by adding the phrase "The House wishes to see law and order established in North Africa" to the Mailhe text. Unfortunately, only two-thirds of the Party turned up for the meeting, and the new motion was adopted by a mere 21 to 6, with 22 abstentions—too narrow a margin, in M. Fouchet's opinion. Three-quarters of an hour later, he changed his mind: in counting the favourable votes, they had forgotten to include the five Gaullist Ministers, including himself! Immediately afterwards, however, the Socialists, who had just read the text of the Gaullist motion, announced that they could on no account vote for it; indeed, only with the greatest reluctance could they vote for any motion which did not include the phrase "social and political democracy in Algeria." At this point, M. Mendès-France announced, firmly, that he would stick to M. Mailhe's original motion. "I prefer," he said, "100 satisfied Socialists to 20 reluctant Gaullists." A wise decision, as it happened: the Government got eight more Gaullist votes on the Mailhe motion than they would have got on the Gaullist one.

Meanwhile, the M.R.P. was working out its destiny in a state of considerable excitement. Here, the Government had been banking heavily on M. Schuman's good offices. The week before he had persuaded 44 M.R.P. deputies to abstain, and his views on North Africa were known to be liberal. But the day before, at a meeting of the Assembly Foreign Affairs Committee, M. Mendès-France had grievously upset him by saying that, in his opinion, the President of the Republic could withhold his signature from the Paris agreements on the advice of the Government. To M. Schuman this implied that Mendès-France would, if necessary, sacrifice the future of "Europe" on the altar of a (hypothetical) Four-Power conference; as he left the Commission, he was heard to mutter to himself the words "disastrous, disastrous," over and over again. What if he now decided that Mendès-France had to be got rid of at all costs? During the recess, therefore, Mendès-France button-holed M. Schuman several times. M. Schuman finally appears to have changed his mind and agreed to abstain; but when the M.R.P. group met at 3 a.m. he refused to speak in the Government's favour, and the Bidault section carried the day.

It was, however, a stormy meeting. The M.R.P., in view of its official policy, could not simply vote against the Mailhe motion; they had first to make the gesture of submitting one of their own. But if the motion was sufficiently liberal, the Government might turn the tables and adopt it themselves. A feverish discussion followed, interrupted by a disgusted cry from M. Fonlupt-Espéraber, a Deputy who takes an objective interest in North African affairs: "You can't play around with the future of North Africa like this . . . ." Hence, at 4 a.m., when the Party finally produced a long, confused, but unquestionably anti-Government motion, the unity of the group had been badly shaken. They voted *en bloc* against the priority of the Government motion (the Government survived this by a mere 11 votes), but only 61 could be brought to vote against the motion itself. At 6 a.m., therefore, when Mendès-France left the Palais Bourbon, he was in a confident mood. "This shows," he said, "that we can still muster a majority even when the M.R.P. vote against us. A small majority, but a good one." Most observers interpreted the remark as a sign that, in Mendès-France's opinion, the Paris agreements were as good as ratified.

KENYA

Another Try for Mass Surrender

Our Correspondent in Nairobi writes: Moderate Europeans in Kenya have once again begun to urge the Government to make another effort to secure large-scale Mau Mau surrenders by means of reasonably attractive terms. Official figures of recent surrenders, just announced, have led this section of the European community to regard the present time in Kenya as the right "psychological moment" for such a gesture. These figures reveal that in the month of November, 145 Mau Mau adherents gave themselves up to the authorities, and that they were followed by another nine in the first week of December. In the context of the total Mau Mau strength, these numbers are not large but, it is felt, they may be large enough to be significant of a new weakness among the terrorists.

In advocating a fresh surrender approach to Mau Mau, the moderate European opinion in Kenya is encouraged by the current success of the French authorities in getting so many rebels in Tunisia to give themselves up. The Kenya Government attitude in this matter is not clear, but it is known that the authorities are held back by two main considerations. One of these is the failure, some time ago, of the negotiations through the Mau Mau leader called General China. The other is the certainty that any new surrender offer would immediately give rise to loud and hostile cries of "appeasement" from a vast majority of the White settlers in the Colony. These settlers are known to be aggressively opposed to any idea of making a peaceful approach to the Mau Mau, and to favour, instead, the importation of South African troops who, they believe, would be more effective than the British soldiers now in Kenya. These British soldiers are readily acknowledged as "good fellows" but it is regretted that the generations of civilised urban life behind them are no background for the harsh task which confronts so many of them in Kenya. South African troops, on the other hand, as a local European weekly puts it, "would bring with them an outlook and tradition developed during generations of life in untamed Africa." This demand for South African troops has noticeably increased in recent weeks, and it has now been formally presented to the Government. Nevertheless there is a possibility that, emboldened by the growing opinion among moderate Europeans in favour of another peaceful approach to Mau Mau, the Government may yet make a fresh bid for mass surrenders.

CHRISTMAS

The next issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be on sale a day early, on Thursday, 23 December.

WESTMINSTER

Fate Assisted

The House of Commons is at the moment preoccupied with the mechanics of its own election. The four Boundaries Commissions, for England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland, have met, investigated, calculated and in the end have created some new constituencies, eliminated others and redrawn the boundaries of many more. Naturally there has been the sound of protest from Westminster. The cries of the stricken, whose constituencies have vanished or been made unwinnable, have mingled with the sighs of those whose majorities have slumped. There has been a background of contented, but sympathetic, murmuring from those whose seats are strengthened. There will be lively opposition to the proposed changes—but this opposition will not stem solely from the personal tribulations of Members. Some would say that the sitting Member, having a vested interest in leaving well alone, should maintain a dignified silence whilst his constituency is butchered beneath him. This is mistaken. Election to Parliament means embracing insecurity, which may be stimulating for the individual but is hard on families. Too many employers, including some trades unions, now hasten to sack any employee who enters Parliament, and it is not easy to start up again after electoral defeat. The risks are known, understood and accepted. There can be no security of tenure for politicians.

Inevitably the pattern of constituencies must occasionally be altered to reflect the movements of populations. But the proposed changes are not a consequence of population shifts. If they were, Members could have no grounds for protest and would probably remain silent. The four Commissions are empowered to review constituencies not less than three years and not more than seven years from the last review. It was anticipated that this would make possible the adjustment of blatant anomalies, the sudden accretion of population to new towns, for example. The Commissioners for Northern Ireland, Wales and Scotland have accepted this definition of their role and they propose either no change or minor changes. But not so the English Commissioners. They have hacked, manipulated and contrived, with a blind devotion to a statistical formula. They have calculated, contrary to statutory provisions, that there should be about 57,000 electors in the English constituency (about 3,000 more than for Scotland or Wales). They have applied their formula to each county in turn, to find it will not quite work in many of the smaller rural counties. So they have left them alone with electorates well below the average. But in the towns, where boundaries can be adjusted between streets or by borrowing bits from the adjacent countryside, the formula has been applied ruthlessly, and there has been a reduction in urban representation. This may not be designed to help the Tories, but it does. In the result the countryman's vote is worth still more than the townsman's vote. Local Government boundaries have been violated. As many new anomalies have been created as have been removed; 182 constituencies have been changed, but 182 are still left either undersize or oversize, and new undersize constituencies have been created. Labour already needs more than half a million more votes than the Tories to win the same number of Parliamentary seats. In future the lead will have to be still greater. Fate seems at times to be working for the Tories, but in this instance the English Boundaries Commissioners seem to be helping fate along.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Politics of Pensions

WHEN Parliament passes the National Insurance Bill, its title will be all that remains of the "insurance principle" in social security, at least so far as retirement pensions are concerned. Even the Phillips Committee thought it made little sense when "present pensioners have paid on average for only about 5 per cent. of the capital value of their pensions." It will make even less sense as the annual deficit on the scheme—even if pensions are not raised again—rises from £1m. next year to £424m. by 1979.

Yet, in the face of these facts, the defenders of this bowdlerised Beveridge system have fallen back to a new position. "Social insurance," the *Economist* admits, "is already dead." All the same, it argues, contributions must be retained as a means of finance; if the burden is to be "hidden away in the mysterious generalities of public finance" the "corruption" of the electorate will continue indefinitely. Contributions, the Phillips Report similarly insists, are "an important measure of social discipline," and the City Editor of the *News Chronicle* solemnly warns his readers that they must choose between contributions and a means test.

What does this fervent support for the contributory method conceal? Now that the Beveridge mythology has lost its magic—anyone who can add sees that pensions must increasingly be financed from general revenue—a new bogy is needed by Conservative economists. So the means test is conjured up to justify a heavy and arbitrary poll-tax. By this means they can delay, if they cannot prevent, the use of social security measures to shift the distribution of the national income back in favour of the wage-earner and the poor. Since the war it has been going the other way.

That is the political issue underlying this controversy. No one denies that the relative number of pensioners will increase in the years ahead. That is a problem we have to face anyway, and face it now, while our age-structure is still favourable, by capital investment on a scale that will add substantially to the resources from which the claims of the elderly can be met. This, however, is an economic question, and one—as the Phillips Report concedes—that it is well within our power to answer. The point at issue is really financial. How do we give the elderly the means of purchasing the share of current resources that is set aside for them?

The State pension will certainly continue to play an essential part in this process. At present, about one-third of the income of the elderly as a class comes from pensions, and the remainder from their earnings and savings, while for the poor and those living alone the pension provides a larger proportion. As more and more of the money to pay for these pensions will come, in any case, from general taxation, why should this be regarded as "charity" or raise the spectre of the means test? Why should "rights" in a Pension Service be different from "rights" in the Health Service? Why should contributions which are actuarial nonsense be maintained—and they fall regressively on the poorer worker—to pay part of a universal pension? If pensions are the community's responsibility to all its elderly citizens, and are no more confined as they were once to those who earned low wages, the burden should be shared in the same way and on the same principles as other universal services, such as Health, Education and Defence.

We are aware of the problems that such a change would create. We shall have to decide, for instance, what the proper level of pensions should be, and what their proper relation both to Assistance and private superannuation schemes; whether such schemes are properly left to employers and insurance companies; and whether the total provision for the elderly, which each year must be met from current resources, should be linked in some way to the size of the national income. It would be helpful if financial experts faced those problems instead of digging last ditches in which to fight for "social discipline" on behalf of privilege.

Mirage in the Waste Land

LAST Sunday's television version of *1984* drew the intended squeals of horror at George Orwell's picture of what life might be like just thirty years on. Yet when the B.B.C. this week-end reports on the nightmare deliberations of the Nato Council in Paris, the British public will remain placid and unmoved. The reason for the contrast is obvious. Of course the real war preparations of the present are far more horrific and demented than the fictions of George Orwell's invalid imagination. But this fact must be carefully concealed from the British public. So the B.B.C. diverts our emotions with fictional fears. We are to be shocked by the Orwellian fantasy of what life might be like under Big Brother into believing that reliance on the H-Bomb and the A-Bomb is a sensible way of keeping Big Brother at a distance.

If only we had the capacity to give the Nato deliberations in Paris the kind of actuality with which the B.B.C. producers endowed their play last Sunday! There, round the conference table, are gathered the representatives of Western civilisation to discuss one urgent question. Suppose the aggression occurs in Europe or Turkey. Should the decision to launch thermo-nuclear warfare be left to General Gruenther at SHAPE or should the politicians have their say before the soldiers put into effect those "Defence" plans which would, within twenty-four hours, bring Russian thermo-nuclear retaliation and the destruction of the civilisation they are commissioned to defend? In brief, should the British Government and the other European Governments agree in advance that in certain circumstances their peoples must commit mass *hara-kiri*, or should this decision be postponed until the hour strikes?

It will, of course, be objected that this way of posing the question is perverse and defeatist. "The aim of Nato," we are constantly told, "is not to win the next war but to prevent it, not to defeat the Red Army but to deter it from invading Western Europe and the Mediterranean. In view of the enormous Russian superiority in manpower, the Western Powers have been compelled to rely on their superiority in unconventional weapons as their main deterrent. That is why a string of aerodromes have been constructed in Britain, Western Europe, Morocco, Greece, Turkey, Saudi Arabia and Pakistan, from which the H-bombers and A-bombers can, within twenty-four hours, vaporise the Russian war potential, and it is this threat alone which has halted Communist expansion, brought the Russians to their senses and provided Washington and London with the opportunity for negotiation from strength." Thus, it is argued, when the Nato Ministers meet in Paris on Friday, they have nothing new or unexpected on the agenda, except one minor problem, the use of atomic tactical weapons. What the Nato Council is discussing is whether the atomic cannons, which were first tried out in last September's Army manoeuvres in Germany, and the tactical air forces, now equipped with small atomic bombs, are to be regarded as conventional weapons at the disposal of General Gruenther in SHAPE, or as unconventional weapons, for whose employment a prior political consent is required. So, we are asked to believe, there is nothing to worry about. Western defence is being integrated quite satisfactorily according to plan.

Such are the arguments which the soldiers will be putting before the politicians at the Nato Council in Paris. We have been able to summarise them fully because they were expounded recently in public speeches by Field Marshal Montgomery and General Gruenther. From their point of view both the problem and its solution are clear enough, and we can sympathise with them in their irritation that, at the last moment, the politicians are having a bout of second thoughts. They are perfectly justified in reminding us that ever since 1945 atomic weapons have been developed by the Western powers as a first line of defence. They have not been treated, like gas and bacteriological warfare, as something which must be held in reserve against the event of their being used by an enemy, but as our main offensive weapon; and Anglo-American strategy has been based on the assumption that they will be used instantly in the first days of general war.

This assumption was not the monopoly of a few bellicose airmen in the Pentagon. It was endorsed by Mr. Truman and fully accepted by the Labour Government. As early as November, 1948, for instance, we find Mr. Forrestal recording in his diary a talk he had had with Mr. Attlee and Mr. A. V. Alexander.

> Alexander said he thought the long-range high-speed bomber would play the largest part in the air warfare of the future. Attlee said there was no division in the British public mind about the use of the atomic bomb—they were for its use. Even the Church in recent days had publicly taken this position.

Thus when, to the surprise of Mr. Marshall, the Labour Government gladly consented to the establishment of American air bases in Norfolk, this consent was given on the clear understanding that Britain would become the base from which the main American assault would be launched on Western Russia.

In 1949 came the unexpected revelation that

Russia possessed the secret of the A-Bomb. The Western reaction was twofold. First, in January, 1950—after six months' agonising debate and against the almost unanimous advice of American atomic scientists, headed by Dr. Robert Oppenheimer—Mr. Truman decided to go ahead with the manufacture of the H-Bomb. Secondly, after consultation with General Eisenhower, then in command at SHAPE, and with the British Government, it was decided to equip the weak Nato forces in Europe with atomic tactical weapons. Once again we must observe that this was not a secret military decision: on the contrary, inspired press reports were published in this country, as well as in America, describing how, while the strategic air forces wiped out Russian industry, these tactical weapons would create a belt of devastation right across Germany and so halt the advance of the conventional Russian armies.

This strategy, we repeat, has been not only agreed among the Nato Governments since 1951, but revealed in considerable detail to the peoples of Western Europe. Until this year there was no widespread opposition to it, except from a small minority of Left-wing politicians and journals, including THE NEW STATESMAN, which were written off by respectable public opinion as neutralist and defeatist. Why, then, the heart-searching of recent months? The explanation, of course, is the revelation early this year that, in the race for the H-Bomb, the Russians had proved themselves at least the equals of the Americans in technological efficiency. They are now manufacturing H-Bombs of almost unlimited size and in almost unlimited quantity; and within a few years they will be capable of dropping these bombs in any part of the Western world, including North America. The crisis which the Nato Ministers have to face this weekend is the realisation that their main line of defence, the vaunted Western superiority in unconventional weapons, has suddenly and dramatically crumbled away. In 1954—despite four years of exorbitantly expensive rearmament—the Atlantic Powers are virtually defenceless. The scientific Maginot Line has been turned.

Even twelve months ago it seemed safe enough to brag about the destructive power of the American strategic air force and to describe how Nato's new tactical weapons would annihilate the Communist hordes if they dared to move into Western Europe. Today this kind of propaganda demoralises, not America's enemies, but America's allies and even Americans themselves. Highly industrialised nations, with huge concentrations of population in their cities and complex transportation networks, are infinitely more vulnerable to atomic attack than the vast, undeveloped areas of Russia and China. For this reason, fusion and fission weapons could be regarded as a first line of defence only for as long as the Nato Powers retained a monopoly or near-monopoly of their manufacture. But now this monopoly has been broken, the Western Powers are themselves threatened by the weapons they have developed more acutely than their potential enemies. It is this recognition which turned Sir Winston into a peacemaker and has even converted President Eisenhower into an advocate of co-existence.

Against this background it is not difficult to see the dilemma which is confronting the Nato Council in Paris. The soldiers are asking for a clear-cut decision. How, they ask, can Russian aggression be stopped if fourteen Governments have to be consulted before the Nato forces in Europe can go into action? Yet the politicians cannot grant the request of the soldiers unconditionally, since they realise that the tactical use of atomic weapons in Europe might—indeed would—bring instant retaliation against the huge conurbations of Britain and Western Europe. Unable either to rely on the new weapons they developed or to forswear them, they meet, they talk, they make speeches, in a frantic effort to conceal the paralysis of policy with which they are afflicted.

That paralysis may not be an incurable disease. What is needed to remedy it is enough courage and clear thinking to accept three unpalatable facts which, from now on, must form the basis of foreign and Defence policy.

1. The Soviet development of atomic weapons has made suicidal the Western reliance on its own nuclear weapons as a first line of defence. These must now be relegated, along with poison gas and bacteria, to the category of retaliation—weapons held in reserve to be used only once they have been used against us. It is worth remembering that their essential value as a deterrent is not in this way lessened.

2. Since the West can no longer rely on its nuclear weapons as a first line of defence, the net effect of the arms race initiated by all the Nato Powers in 1950 has been to shift the balance of military power decisively in favour of the U.S.S.R. Relatively the West was a good deal stronger in 1949 than it is in 1954.

3. As long as the rearmament race proceeds, the balance is likely to shift further and further in favour of the Russians. The time for negotiations on the terms of co-existence has now arrived (and may not endure)—not because, as is conventionally argued, we have become so strong, but because of the rapidity with which our position vis-à-vis the Russians is being weakened. Those who put their faith in the policy of building up military strength first and negotiating afterwards are pursuing a mirage in the waste-land of the thermo-nuclear age.

Faith and Reason

£350 PRIZE ESSAY

In the hope of discovering more about the political, intellectual and emotional basis of the present renewed interest in personal religion, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is offering prizes for the best essays on the broad subject of Faith and Reason. The first prize is £200, with three other prizes of £50.

The essays must be of not more than 3,000 words, and they must reach The Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by February 28, 1955. Manuscripts should be typed and bear a pseudonym. A sealed envelope, containing the writer's real name, should be enclosed. **The prize is open to all men and women who will be under twenty-six years of age on January 1, 1955.**

The judges for the Competition will be: Dr. J. Bronowski; H. A. Hodges, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Reading; Stuart Hampshire, Fellow of New College, Oxford; and the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

London Diary

I HAVE been reading in the Burmese press the full report of the subtle speech which U Nu, the Burmese Premier, made at the official banquet in his honour in Peking. He explained, at some length, that Burma (with 17 million people) had only twice in history been at war against China (with 600 million people), and that these unhappy incidents both took place when China was ruled by foreign dynasties. (I don't think he went into the details of these literally elephantine wars, in one of which at least every Burman believes his country defeated China.) Nationalist China, U Nu suggested—and when has China been so nationalist as to-day?—has always, like India, respected Burmese independence. Burma has always been ready to fight to the end against any foreign invader from the East or West, just as she did against the British, who never spiritually conquered Burma, and finally against the Japanese. The upshot of U Nu's visit is a renewal of the "five principles" which Chou En-lai agreed with Nehru and Nu, and, apart from a useful trade agreement, a promise by China to come to an agreement with Burma about their unsettled boundary line (which Imperial Britain never managed to get agreed with old China), and also an agreement to negotiate the ticklish problem of the nationality of Chinese residents in Burma. Question: will U Nu, who has so recently been "a running dog of imperialism," now become "a hero of co-existence"? And will the Communist revolt in Burma, which has been encouraged by propaganda but never directly helped by China, now finally collapse?

* * *

U Nu is soon to receive Marshal Tito in Rangoon, and then to attend a conference of Colombo Powers in Djakarta. With this proof of S.E. Asian agreement in neutrality behind him, he is to visit the United States and make it as clear in Washington as he has in Peking that Burma is determined to be independent of both the contending giants. It would be too much to suggest that the Colombo Powers, who were scarcely acquainted with each other six years ago, are now a cohesive and united body. But it is true that this, their third meeting looks like a stage in the evolution of a recognised new world grouping. It has already played an important role in ending the Indo-China war, and it may exercise great influence on the struggle over Formosa. China and Washington are shouting at each other, but, unless my guess is quite astray, Chou En-lai has no intention of starting a war, even though his case for Chinese ownership of the island is unanswerable. No one should be in doubt about this; as Acheson himself said in 1952, Formosa is Chinese beyond quibbling. The question is one of caution and policy, not of right. Mr. Dulles makes dangerous speeches from Washington, but again I suspect, when it comes to warlike deeds, his treaty with Chiang is meant to restrain rather than encourage the Kuomintang rump. He must know, as we all do, that Formosa is part of China, and will eventually return to Pekingese sovereignty. In the meantime, if we are to have a period of shouting, not shooting, diplomacy has a chance, and the small neutral Powers, which, in this context, include Britain, have a new weight and importance.

* * *

Albert Einstein has a wonderful capacity for putting into one sentence a thought that others would take a thesis to develop. $E=MC^2$, of course, was his most deadly epigram. And I recall his comment that while he did not know what weapons would be used in the next war, the one after that would be fought with bows and

arrows. Now he has written a remarkable letter to the *Reporter*, the liberal American magazine.

> If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist or scholar or teacher. I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances.

In a long footnote, the *Reporter* comments that it is "an honour but hardly a pleasure to publish this letter," and adds that Americans cannot satisfy their consciences by saying that in Russia one would not even have enough liberty to publish it. America's record in this respect "must be good—good without qualification and irrespective of what it may cost to keep it good." Another footnote may be added by Wednesday's news that Dr. Edward Condon, the distinguished scientist, has resigned his post because he cannot shed the stigma of an old unproven accusation of disloyalty, despite a series of clearances.

* * *

Seldom, indeed, are so many newspapers, from the most august to the least responsible, all betrayed at the same time into a gross error! Was there no one to warn the sub-editors in these offices that when the Committee on Estimates mentioned £200 millions a year as our "total expenditure abroad," it was not only referring to the cost of maintaining embassies and such like, but to the upkeep of the entire British army overseas! This trifling error, due no doubt to the numbness created by astronomical figures, has obscured the real interest of this Report. We learn that, owing to some strange constitutional vagary, the Committee of the House may not go abroad as a Committee and take a civil service clerk with it, though that its members may, individually, travel about and collect such information as they like. We learn, too (and some of us don't need telling), that some embassies are comically over-large and over-staffed, and that some, but by no means all, foreign diplomats are encouraged to live in an expensive style which cuts them off from the daily life of the ordinary people around them, whom, above all, they ought to understand.

* * *

A hardening rule of law that many lawyers would still, nevertheless, dispute, is that in all matrimonial cases one party is innocent and the other guilty. Every day I notice a fresh instance of its propagation by the more loquacious judges, and it seems to me to ignore the fact that the relationship of the two parties is their joint work, and that although they may not be equally to blame for what they have made of it, acts of desertion (for example) should not be isolated from the rest of the story. Often, too, this business of guilt and innocence is a shaky foundation for the making of maintenance orders; but one practice that needs rather more thought than it gets, in the changing circumstances of today, is the extent to which the courts encourage able-bodied women not to do any work when they have earning capacity and no children. When it was suggested by counsel, in the Divorce Division the other day, that a deserted wife might resume work, the judge said that such a suggestion had only one object—to reduce the amount of money the husband should pay her. "I do not think," said his lordship, "that she should be deprived of her luck in marrying someone who brought about an improvement in her financial position." She would be unlucky to have married someone who made no improvement at all, but is that a ground for subsidising her complete idleness when things have gone wrong?

Last time I stayed in Lamorna Cove, I watched with interest the crowd of people who every year climb over the steep hillsides for an Easter pilgrimage, whose reason and origin are obscure. It is a pleasant habit, for the Cove is supremely lovely and is quite unspoilt by such occasional visits. The only reason for regret was that the tiny natural harbour had been tidied up and incongruously provided with an ice-cream and picture postcard stall. The surrounding hillsides, and the trout stream that tumbles down and meets an exquisite grove of trees, still retain all their beauty. It is with something like horror that I read an apology from the owner for proposing to allow caravans and other development in the Cove. I learn that first all the residents, with one exception, signed a protest; and then in *The Times* there appears an impressive list of signatories who have united with Dame Laura Knight in an attempt to save it. It is strange that anyone, even the owner, should propose to develop this site. It is not a piece of foreshore large enough for the public. Its beauty lies in its delicacy: to develop it would be to obliterate it.

* * *

Eight years ago, in Florence, I bought a large, yellow, chipped vase—very likely 18th century. I was told it came from Sicily. Recently it has been used for flowers. Whether the next development is a commonplace or a miracle, I am too ignorant to say. All I can assert is that it astonishes me. Every morning, the outside of the vase has thick, sticky, red streaks, which, to a casual eye, look very like blood. They wipe off if rubbed with a warm, damp rag, and form again, say, next day. I am wondering if I have accidentally stumbled on the mystery of St. Januarius and other similar holy liquifications.

CRITIC

LOST PROPERTY

If Churchill dreamed an order,
  If it to Monty went,
And if in war's disorder
  He dropped the document;
If it was no delusion,
But, due to Staff confusion,
  It got mislaid somehow,
The loss of Churchill's order
  Can matter little now.

If vital Notes are covered
  Beneath chaotic piles
And cannot be discovered
  In Monty's windswept files,
Nor in Headquarter's caskets,
Nor in waste-paper-baskets,
  Nor in odd corners tossed—
One scroll must be recovered,
  Or Britain will be lost.

Fears Britons cannot smother
  Are not for Churchill's wire—
It is about another
  State Paper they enquire;
Comparatively speaking,
The telegram they're seeking
  Is but a trifling thing,
While Britain to the other
  Still for dear life must cling.

If lost, Great Britain never
  Can to her heirs bequeath
The prize of armed endeavour
  Received on Lüneberg Heath.
If Monty cannot send her
The Instrument of Surrender,
  It could not matter more—
There'll be no proof whatever
  That Britain won the war!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"Even when there have been no funds in the bank," she told me, "I have written a post-dated cheque, say for a month ahead, placed it on the altar of our chapel, *and it has always been honoured*."—*Sunday Dispatch*. (Osma L. Jones.)

An old, rather grim Victorian facade to the shop was pulled down and has been replaced by a period style front reminiscent of the Pickwick era.—*Sheffield Star*. (Glyn Davys.)

Assaulting a chairman is no part of the proceedings of any company meeting, and throwing things at him is just as much an assault as actually striking him.—*Financial Times*. (E. M. Waterhouse.)

Twenty women taking part in a whist drive at Hemel Hempstead were trapped by floods 4ft deep. They insisted on finishing a raffle before allowing the firemen to carry them out one by one.—*Daily Telegraph*. (H. D. Lyon.)

Counsel said, secondly, that, even if the child was a trespasser, the defendants were guilty of such carelessness and recklessness for the child's safety as to be liable: thirdly, that, even if the boy was a trespasser and the council were not in occupation of the land, they were liable under Donoghue v. Stevenson ([1932] A.C. 562).

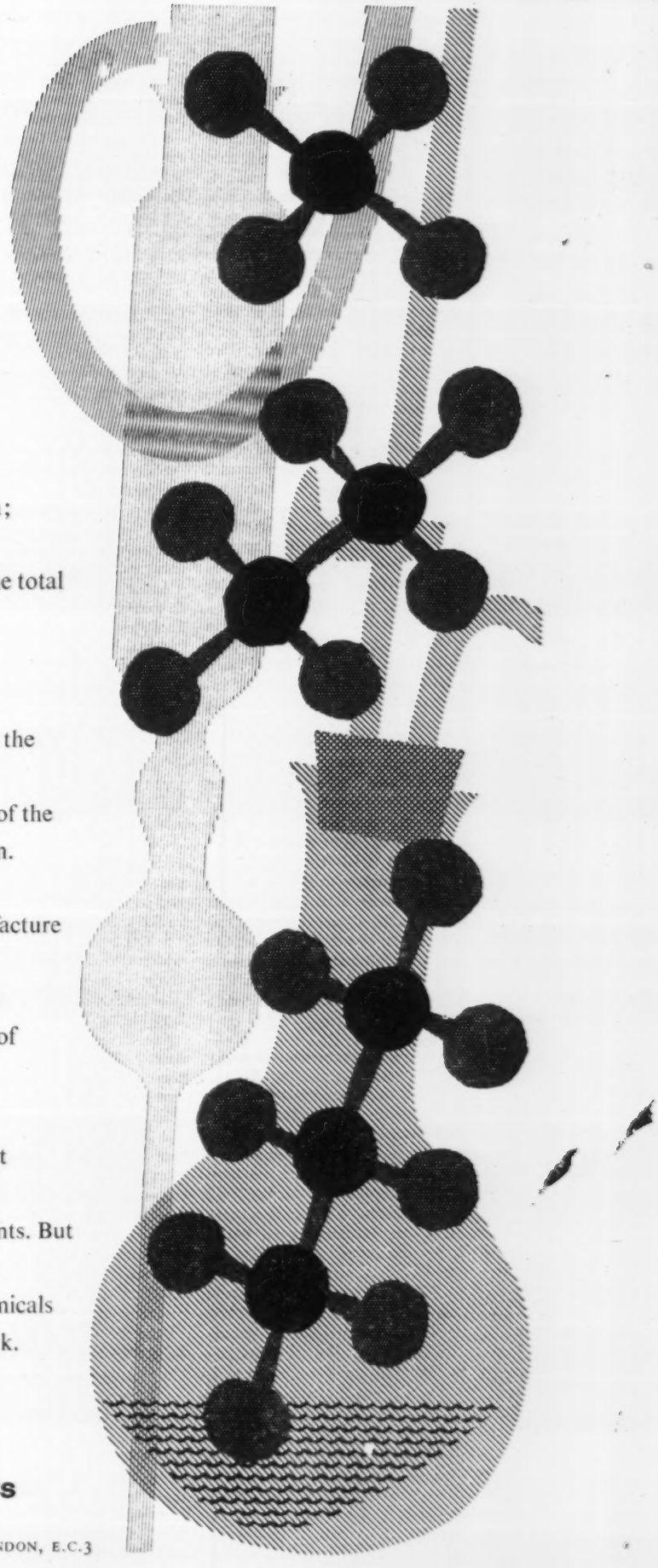
HIS LORDSHIP.—My God!
—*The Times*. (Alan E. Slater.)

The Dominici Affair

ON November 28, Gaston Dominici was condemned to death for the murder of Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and their daughter Elizabeth. The case has been widely discussed in France, and is now reopened. The manner in which the investigation and trial were conducted had aroused a storm of criticism against the French judicial system. "Those who heard this case," wrote Maître Maurice Garçon in *Le Monde*, "left the courtroom feeling sick at heart . . . every irregularity and error which our judicial system breeds were united in this single bouquet of evil flowers." "A prefabricated verdict," accused *Combat*, "designed to consecrate an Official Truth." Of the two celebrated literary figures who attended the trial, one Jean Giono, wrote: "I have now discovered the psychology of the lie." The other, Armand Salacrou, summed up a feeling shared by most of those present: "For myself," he wrote, "I *did* discover a guilty creature. A guilty creature which merits no indulgence. I discovered French justice."

How much truth is there in these cries of anger? Let us examine the facts. First, the definite irregularities. Although the *cours d'assises*, which correspond roughly to our quarter sessions, are held every three months in France, Dominici passed 368 days in preventive detention before being brought to trial. From this point of view, however, he was treated with rare indulgence. Georges Arnaud, author of *La Salaire de la Peur*, was held in prison for 570 days, accused of a murder which it took a jury ten minutes to decide he did not commit. Marie Besnard spent four years in prison before a jury returned a verdict of "not proven." All the same, it is interesting to note that M. Bonnefous, a U.D.S.R. Deputy, has, as a result of the Dominici trial, presented a Bill to the Assembly designed to limit the period of preventive detention.

Oil means brainwork



SHELL RESEARCH is one of the big brains-trusts of the world. You could call it a Graduate University of Applied Science, with ten specialist colleges.

There are seven major Shell research laboratories: two in Holland, two in England, three in North America; and three agricultural research stations: one in England, two in North America. At last count, the total staff of those ten establishments was nearly 5,000. The back-room boys of a great industry.

The main, perpetual task is to make fuels and lubricants provide bigger power and better protection to the modern engine in all its forms. But Shell Research has also been tackling some of the big general problems of the twentieth century. Malaria control was one such problem. The jet turbine was another. The war against rust, the development of selective weedkillers, the quantity manufacture of sulphur, the production of glycerine, alcohol and detergents from new sources, so as to leave all edible fats available for the world's food supplies, the development of plastics and synthetic textiles . . . Shell Research has been, is and will be working on all these things.

Shell's back-room boys are occupied with one of the most exciting branches of new knowledge . . . the science of hydrocarbons. Shell Research improves fuels and lubricants. But it also prompts, points and paces the development of the brave new world of petroleum chemicals. Petroleum chemicals are helping to feed and clothe the world, and to cure its sick.

SHELL research is finding the answers

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The other irregularities are more serious, in that they militated against the fair trial of the accused. On numerous occasions during the investigation the police violated professional secrecy by making statements, often of a sensational nature, to the press. This abuse is common enough in French murder trials, but it is still a breach of the law, and in this case it may well have influenced the jury. Secondly, a writ of accusation was not made out against Dominici until some time after the first of his alleged confessions. This meant that his lawyer was not present at the all-important "reconstruction" of the crime which took place immediately afterwards. As Maître Garçon pointed out, this was clearly irregular. Thirdly, and most important, a number of witnesses did not give evidence under oath during the trial. This was a crucial factor, since most of the principal witnesses manifestly lied at some point in their testimony. By placing them on oath, the court could have made them liable to charges of perjury. Admittedly, four of the witnesses were protected by a French law which states that close relatives of the accused cannot be forced to give testimony on oath unless the defence counsel agrees. But in this case, Maître Pollack, the defence counsel, expressly asked for the oath to be administered; his request appears to have been ignored. Even more disturbing was the reluctance of the President of the court to lay charges of perjury against other witnesses.

This brings us to the role of the President in the trial. In law, the President of a *cour d'assises* performs roughly the same functions as a British judge. In practice, French Presidents almost invariably conduct the trial against the accused. It was this practice which led, in 1881, to the abolition of the President's summing-up; despite this, he still has wide powers, notably in his cross-examination of witnesses and accused. On almost every occasion on which the President intervened in the Dominici trial, he appeared to benefit the prosecution. One small example will suffice. In the opening stage of a trial—the *curriculum vitæ*—a number of witnesses, mainly hostile, testify to the accused's past actions and character (a curious practice; the appropriate time for this testimony would appear to be between the verdict and sentence). During Dominici's *curriculum*, it was alleged that he had struck a peasant with a stick fifty-six years ago. This exchange ensued:

> *Dominici:* No. He struck me first.
> *The President* (*sarcastically*): Considering it was fifty-six years ago, you have a remarkable memory for details, my friend (*laughter*).

The tone of the President's interventions during the main body of the evidence can well be imagined. His interpretation of his role may, of course, be justified on the grounds that it conforms with current French practice. But it is hard to explain why, on one occasion, he recessed the court at precisely the moment when an important prosecution witness was breaking down under cross-examination by the defence counsel.

The next point to be considered is the central question of proof. The assumption, often made in Anglo-Saxon countries, that under French law the accused is considered guilty unless he proves himself innocent, is incorrect. But this mistaken view is almost as commonly held in France as it is elsewhere, a fact which undoubtedly influences French juries. Moreover, the impression that *in practice* the onus of proof lies with the defence is strengthened by the manner in which French trials—and particularly murder trials—are conducted. In contrast with British practice, every effort is made to persuade the accused to plead guilty, and the paramountcy of the confession, or *aveu*, is an axiom of French criminal jurisprudence. An accused person is rarely brought to trial until he has made a confession, which then becomes the principal item in the *dossier* of the prosecution. Hence, material proofs and the evidence of witnesses become of secondary importance. This system is often effective, but it can—and does—lead to miscarriages of justice. The most flagrant example was the case of Guillaume Seznec, who was convicted of murder in 1923 on the basis of an *aveu* and sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1947, after he had served twenty-four years of his sentence, the murderer confessed, and it subsequently turned out that Seznec had made his *aveu* under threats.

There is, of course, no suggestion that Dominici's confession was extracted by force. But Dominici repudiated it before the trial, and cross-examination failed to shake his testimony. Moreover, the confession, as presented by the prosecution, contained at least twelve statements which did not correspond with the material facts of the case. These discrepancies were never satisfactorily explained; nor did the prosecution explain how Dominici came into possession of the weapon with which the murders were committed. Finally, the exact chronology of the crimes—about which there was conflicting testimony—was never established. Some twenty vital points remained in doubt when the prosecution rested.

Indeed, the weakness of the evidence against Dominici was convincingly demonstrated in the final speech for the prosecution by the advocate-general, Maître Rozan. His address was expected to be (and was) a major oratorical performance. He had, it appears, spent several weeks preparing it, and had submitted drafts to Messrs. Salacrou and Giono for their literary approval. (The speech, as it happens, very nearly remained undelivered, since Maître Rozan contracted a severe sore throat the day before it was due; fortunately, a microphone and loudspeakers were installed just in time and the court heard every resounding syllable—it was even relayed to an enthusiastic audience outside the courthouse.) To the advocate-general—an expert on Provençal folk-lore and history—the key to the case lay not so much in the evidence presented, but in what he called "peasant psychology." The major part of his address, therefore, consisted of a psychological analysis of the French mountain peasant and his probable reactions to the presence of "a rich Englishman" on his land. From this he launched into a hypothetical account of how the crime occurred. Unfortunately, Maître Rozan's academic premises led him to conclude that the three murders were committed within a few minutes of each other. Dr. Dragon, however, who examined the bodies the morning after the crime, testified that Elizabeth had been killed at least two hours after her parents. Faced with this disconcerting fact—which demolished his entire theory—Maître Rozan took the only course left open to him and ignored it completely. When he had finished, breathless, Maître Pollack remarked: "Now, after the poetry, let us return to prosaic certitudes." ("As if," commented *Le Figaro* fatuously, "as if poetry were not the mother of certitudes—shades of Claudel!") But despite the lack of substance in the advocate-general's speech, it appears to have impressed the jury.

The jury. Here we come to the most enigmatic aspect of the entire trial. Throughout the proceedings—often confused, invariably complex—not one member of the jury asked a question or took notes (though several regularly consulted their watches at the approach of the lunchtime recess). They took two hours to reach their verdict. Under French law, the verdict is pronounced by the seven jurymen assisted by two assessors, or professional magistrates, making a total of nine votes. Since only a simple majority is required for a verdict, and since the assessors are assumed to vote with the prosecution, it is perfectly possible for the accused to be convicted by only a minority (*i.e.*, three) of the jurymen. Moreover, during the deliberation, the President is allowed to draw to the attention of the jurymen any items from the *dossier* (*i.e.*, the case for the prosecution) which he may think desirable—including items not made public in court. It is therefore a tenable assumption that the two hours represent the time it took the President to swing round the three votes required for a guilty verdict.

By no means all the aspects of this regrettable trial have been discussed in this article. Some of its most mysterious features—the curious "confessions" of Gustave Dominici, for instance, or the role played by M. Panayotou, the self-confessed informer, or the evidence of Paul Maillet, the chief of the local C.P. cell—have not even been mentioned. But enough has been said to explain why the trial raised such hostile reactions among the French public. Fortunately, the interest it aroused—it was the most widely publicised non-political event of 1954 in France—may well increase the growing pressure for a general overhaul of France's judicial system. M. Mendès-France, himself a lawyer, is known to be in favour of reform, and the Government can naturally exercise a wide influence over the judiciary by purely administrative measures. But a frontal assault on the judicial system, entrenched behind its Napoleonic earthworks, will require the vociferous support of a large section of the general public. Many advocates of legal reform believe that the Dominici case will play a decisive part in mobilising it.

Paris PAUL JOHNSON

First and Second Class Hospitals

THE recent resignation of so distinguished a public servant as Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve from the chairmanship of the Governors of St. George's Hospital has brought the teaching hospitals into the arena of public controversy. It is said, though confirmation is still lacking, that he produced a scheme for far-reaching economies which could equally apply to the other teaching hospitals. Sir Malcolm seems to have met with strong opposition from members of the Board of Governors, especially from its medical members, and forthwith sent his resignation to the Minister of Health.

The matter is one of considerable public interest, since the teaching hospitals occupy a special position within the National Health Service. Under the 1946 Act, England and Wales were divided into fourteen regions. All the hospitals in each region, with the significant exception of teaching hospitals, were placed under a Regional Hospital Board appointed by the Minister. Within each region, groups of hospitals—sometimes even single large hospitals—are administered by a Hospital Management Committee appointed by and under the general direction of the Board.

To appreciate why the teaching hospitals were excluded from this arrangement we must recall the political climate in which the Health Service emerged, and in particular this attitude of the medical profession as expressed by its official spokesmen. The teaching hospitals were the citadels of the top-ranking consultants, without whose goodwill there could hardly be an effective

service. As one of the concessions he had to make, Mr. Bevan agreed to leave more or less unaltered the administrative set-up of the teaching hospitals. And so, alongside the fourteen Regional Hospital Boards, there are today no fewer than thirty-six teaching hospitals, each with its Board of Governors directly responsible to the Minister of Health, and its own separate administration. We have now the benefit of more than six years' experience of the Health Service. Does this form of organisation stand up to the test of that experience? Is it the most efficient and economical arrangement, or should the teaching hospitals be integrated with the regions, in which they now form autonomous enclaves?

There are many arguments in support of such a change. In the first place the Regional Board has the statutory duty to plan the hospital services for the area for which it is responsible. It is difficult for effective planning to be done when, as certainly happens in the Metropolitan area, a substantial part of the hospital facilities are outside the Board's control. Moreover the teaching hospitals enjoy the privilege, denied to the Regional Boards, of control over their endowment moneys. These funds, which are often large, can be spent without reference to the Minister and in a way which makes nonsense of priorities and planning in any particular area. Admittedly, Regional Boards may nominate persons for appointment to Boards of Governors, but as a form of liaison between the two authorities this has proved quite ineffective.

There can be little doubt that economies would follow such an integration. Much duplication of administrative staff would be avoided and a more economical use could be made of medical staff without any reduction in the quality of service. Published figures suggest that the cost of medical staff per bed in the teaching hospitals is at least double that in the Regional Board hospitals, and the total cost per patient about 50 per cent. greater. Such costs are bound to be higher in the teaching hospital, but is this large disparity justified?

Our great teaching hospitals have a deservedly high reputation both here and overseas. They attract the most brilliant doctors. Indeed a part-time consultant appointment at the Middlesex, or St. Thomas's, or any of a dozen similar hospitals, is a most valuable asset to a Harley Street specialist, valuable far beyond the sessional fees he receives. Since most of the acknowledged leaders of the profession hold such appointments, it follows that the point of view of the teaching hospital tends to be over-represented on Advisory Committees and other influential bodies dealing with every type of hospital. The extent to which this places the other hospitals at a disadvantage is arguable, but they are apt to feel that their voices are drowned.

The teaching hospitals have waiting lists of nursing recruits. With integration it would be a simple matter to second nurses from the teaching hospitals to other specialist hospitals for training. This would produce the double advantage of improving nurse training and of staffing beds at present unoccupied through lack of nurses. There is also much to be said for medical students moving around to other selected hospitals for part of their training. The Regional Board hospitals, general and specialist, can provide a wider range of patients than a single teaching hospital is likely to offer. They could, therefore, make an important contribution to the clinical training of medical students, and of nurses.

Finally there is a more general argument in favour of bringing the two types of hospital under a common authority. An idea has grown up, unconsciously abetted by the medical and

Ticking them off!

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nursing professions, that we have a first and second class hospital service. There are the teaching hospitals, which provide the most modern treatments and the finest medical and nursing skill—and there are the others. Such is the common view, though it is seldom stated in bald terms. It does little justice to the many non-teaching hospitals whose standards are as high as any. After all it is the Regional Board hospitals which must care for nine patients out of every ten. Their service to the public has improved immeasurably since the Health Service came into being, and their status and prestige should concern us all.

It has been argued that integration would not work, if only because the medical school in the teaching hospital is a university faculty and requires separate administration. But how can this view be sustained when in Scotland the teaching hospitals have come under the Regional Boards ever since 1948? The Scots have found no difficulty, for their system works admirably.

The Labour Party is pledged to abolish Health charges and pay-beds. The Guillebaud Committee is expected to present its recommendations on the National Health Service next year. There is a demand that the position of the part-time consultant be reviewed. All these important matters would involve legislation to amend the National Health Acts. Cannot the question of the teaching hospital be considered at the same time? There is nothing sacrosanct about the present form of hospital organisation. Integration need not impose any rigid uniformity, nor lower the generally high standard of the teaching hospitals. It might however secure a fairer distribution of resources, an improvement in the status of the non-teaching hospital and an advance towards eliminating the two-class system in our hospital service.

KENNETH ROBINSON

Farming the Desert

THE Negev Desert of Israel is a tiny wedge of the world's eighteen and a half million square miles of hot, arid wastelands. Together with Sinai on the opposite side of the Egyptian frontier, it forms the biblical Wilderness where Moses and the Children of Israel wandered for forty years. Modern archaeological research, however, has revealed the existence of at least three hundred ancient settlements, with considerable cities such as Subetta and Abdeh. The Negev shows not only what was, but what physically can be.

I recently returned to the Negev. I flew over it, travelled over it, lived in it; compared notes with the experts; studied water charts, soil charts, botanical charts and wind charts. I saw the laboratory and field research in progress and also the practical achievements. Optimism is at once excited and tempered. There were times when I was bewildered. I would look for stretches of desert landscape with which I was familiar four, and even two, years ago and would fail to recognise them under the new vegetation and the scatter of new settlements. More surprising were the avenues of trees. I recalled from four years ago a road leading, so it seemed, to nowhere, along which hopeful spirits had planted eucalyptus and acacias. Now their hopes have been rewarded. The trees have rooted, found their own water-level and grown fast; not single trees but belts of trees on either side of the road. And the settlers can now share the shade with their posterity. But that is the Northern Negev, north, east and west of Beersheba; and Ben Gurion himself reminded me as we stood in the thirsty dust of his own southern settlement of Sde Boker, that the Far Negev, not the Northern Negev, is the real desert.

In the Northern Negev, the annual rainfall, erratically, may average 14 inches against 4 inches farther south (and less than an inch in many parts). And, to supplement the rain, there are now pipe-lines branching off from Beersheba to supply settlements with irrigation water. It is now being closely settled. Next year 45 new settlements are to be established in this region and they will produce mainly industrial crops, including cotton. This expansion will bring the acreage of Israel's new cotton-growing industry up to 20,000 acres. In addition to local settlement, large tracts of this part of the Negev are farmed by seasonal workers from the older settlements in the Emek and from Galilee. They bring down mechanical equipment for the ploughing and sowing and return with combines to do the harvesting. This has already made the Northern Negev a considerable grain producing region.

South from Beersheba go the mobile drills from the Weizmann Institute to carry out seismic surveys for oil and water. These squads drill 200-feet deep boreholes, put down explosives and discharge them to make minor earthquakes, the shock-waves of which disclose the nature and formations of the geological strata. Dominating everything is this question of water. The aim of the Israelis is to have a population of four millions. That takes a bit of feeding. A complete land-survey has been made—the most complete of any country in the world—and it would seem that, of the 2,350,000 acres available, 1,500,000 can be turned to arable cultivation, so long as water is available. The All-Israel Water Scheme, as the Jordan Scheme is called, is in political suspense and likely to remain so for a long time, since it depends on Arab co-operation. That was the ambitious project for diverting for irrigation the sweet water of the Jordan and substituting for it, in the Dead Sea rift, sea-water from the Mediterranean. This, dropping into the canyon, would have produced the badly needed hydro-electricity. The Huleh Marshes in the Far North are being drained and will be cultivated. But the canalising of the Lake Huleh waters is subject to bitter dispute with the Syrians and, indeed, with the U.N., because it involves physical transformations in the demilitarised zone. Within the jurisdiction of Israel, extensive and intensive water systems have been developed, including the Yarkon-Negev pipe-lines.

Meanwhile the search for ground-water in the thirsty Negev goes on. Too often when it is found it is brackish; although even salt water has been turned to account in the Far South, near Elatt, where it is used to irrigate a crop of juncus, a plant which will even grow in sea-water and can be used to produce paper. A great deal of research is being undertaken into methods of desalting water. For a few hours in the year, rivers flow in the rainless desert. The wadhis run in spate and, again with a great deal of rewarding instruction from the ancients, modern engineers have devised methods for trapping the water, and spreading it over prepared ground.

As I said, the desert of Israel is a forcing-house for new ideas. There are some who believe that the whole country from Dan to Elatt will blossom as the rose. That is over-optimistic. The Far Negev consists in large part of rocky and gravel desert, which might in geological aeons be converted into soil—but no sooner. But much of it also consists of fertile *loess*—wind-blown soil—which given water will produce rich crops. In the Central Plateau there are vast tracts of *loess* ten feet deep. It is covered and held in place by "desert pavement," a crust formed by the elements. That crust could easily be broken; but to do so without adequate water and elaborate conservation measures would be to turn the area into a region of moving sand-dunes. So it looks as though the development of the Far Negev will have to be on the lines Ben Gurion conceives for Sde Boker, his own settlement—and, incidentally, on the pattern of the ancients. Instead of close settlement as in the Northern Negev, there will be oases—scattered settlements, self-sufficient as to their own produce but combining tillage with pastoral activities, cattle-ranching, sheep-ranging, and, perhaps, horse-breeding. And there would be mining and industrial oases too, working in an economy which imported food and water.

Meanwhile, in order that science can be applied and the possibilities realised, Ben Gurion has to persuade the younger generations of the Children of Israel to follow him into the Wilderness.

RITCHIE CALDER

So They Say . . .

"TEA UP AGAIN" is a well-worn "slug" of headline-type. In the last week, the newspapers have been carrying reports of another impending increase—the ninth since the present Government took office in 1951. "Sir Eric Miller, 72-year-old tea merchant," wrote the *News Chronicle* last Tuesday, "thinks the average British household will not grudge paying another 4d a week each for their tea soon."

Old newspaper files show that this theme has been repeated with only slight variations. On November 27, 1914, Mr. Keir Hardie was reported as criticising the tea companies for taking advantage of an advance in the tea duty to increase their profits. On September 3, 1924, the *Daily Express* noted that though the tea companies blamed the rise in prices on increased demand, they were "almost embarrassingly rich," and the *Daily Mail* (December 9, 1924) added: "Tea to-day is nearly 1s per lb dearer than it should be, according to the law of supply and demand. . . . Shortage of supplies cannot be the reason." Whatever the reason, prices rose steadily.

TEA MAY COST MORE (*Daily News*, January 16, 1925) was a typical headline. "A suggestion that tea prices were too high was denied by a director of one of the biggest packing houses" (*Daily News*, August 29, 1928) was a typical rebuttal from the trade. How familiar the headlines look on the yellowing pages.

DEARER TEA NEXT WEEK
(*Express*, 9.2.1937)

TEA MAY BE DEARER
(*Telegraph*, 7.11.1949)

RISING PRICE OF TEA
(*Telegraph*, 2.2.1954)

The latest price increase, however, has put the trade on the defensive, since it has come after a period in which profits have risen considerably.

STOP THESE TEA RISES SAY M.P.S, the *Daily Herald* reported on December 8, in the spirit of Keir Hardie's parliamentary question forty years ago. The day before, under the heading IT MAY BE 10s A LB FOR TEA SOON, the *Herald* wrote:

> . . . tea which was 5s. 4d. a lb at the end of last year will be 7s. 8d. to 8s. by the end of the year. High prices. But are they justified? Profits of tea firms have risen. . . . The trouble began when the Government derationed tea and swept away price controls.

The *Daily Worker*, last Saturday, used tougher language. DEAR-BOUGHT "FREEDOM," it exclaimed. "Should tea companies be allowed to earn fabulous profits by pushing up the price of tea?

Uninvited Guests

NO FARMER WILL ADMIT that the adage "What a man sows, he reaps" is literally true. From the moment a plant begins to grow, its existence is menaced by insects. Some attack the stalks or roots, others the leaves or fruit. It has been estimated that in Britain alone losses due to plant pests and disease in growing crops amount to the immense sum of £88,000,000 a year. And even when harvested, crops are not safe, for in granaries and warehouses there may be other pests waiting to feed on the produce that should go to sustain human beings.

To evolve effective weapons against insects has been one of the principal objectives of the modern chemist. A noteworthy advance was made when I.C.I. research workers—who prepared and tested no fewer than 14,000 compounds during their search—discovered the 'Gammexane' insecticides. These are, in some respects, among the most potent yet produced. They are based upon a particular form of the compound benzene hexachloride (BHC) which exists in several forms—or 'isomers' as the chemist calls them—each with the same formula but possessing different properties. The achievement of the I.C.I. chemists was their discovery that most of BHC's remarkable insecticidal power resided in the gamma isomer. Today, 'Gammexane' insecticides are fighting all manner of pests in all sorts of places—from the flea beetle on the farm to the housefly in the home. They have demonstrated their potency in almost every major theatre of insect attack—including anti-locust warfare in the Middle East—yet in use they are harmless to Man and animals.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ICI

That is the question that the capitalist press and the spokesmen of the tea companies are trying to dodge . . . if the auctioning of tea in the open market were stopped, neither prices nor profits would rocket as they are now." *Tribune*, last Friday, cried TEA GONE CRAZY!, insisted that in Mincing Lane, "growers have enjoyed the most far-reaching Tea Party since Bostonians rebelled against King George's iniquitous tax," and recalled Miss Hornsby-Smith's Tory broadcast which claimed that taking tea off the ration meant "plenty for everyone and at reasonable prices."

City Editors have for some time been trying to defend the tea companies against such charges. On December 31, 1953, Oscar Hobson of the *News Chronicle* assured disconsolate tea drinkers "that this price rise is 'part of a trend' . . . of deep social significance, the trend away from alcoholic drinks." This year, on December 10, the City Editor of the *Evening Standard* wrote a dialogue, attributing the new increase to the London dock strike and a fall in Indonesian production.

> That is a point some Left-looking worthies should think over. If Indonesia had been more settled politically, the money would have come rolling in to get the tea gardens growing again. . . . If we believe in the free market system, we must put up with the ups as well as the downs.

Increased demand was the commonest explanation of higher prices. (*The Times* had given it as early as January, 1916). Before the war, the *Daily Express* wrote on December 10, "demand was steady. And there was no rationing or bulk-buying to upset things." Trying, as usual, to defend free enterprise and flatter the consumer at the same time, the Beaverbrook stable entered an outsider in the Tea Stakes. On December 12, the *Sunday Express* proclaimed TEA: GOOD NEWS AT LAST, in a seven-column headline disclosure that "The Reds of Peking talk big business with Mincing Lane"; "big deals being discussed by Communist China" could lead to a reduction of as much as 2s per pound. Next morning the *News Chronicle* hobbled the horse. CHINA TEA TOO DEAR, announced a modest news item. An official of the International Tea Committee commented on "reports" of "a tea deal with China" that it was unlikely that China "will or can supply sufficient tea . . . to make any great difference to prices."

QUEBEQUEG

Give Book Tokens this Christmas, of course, and not only to your 'literary' friends. There are books for every taste—from astronomy to zoology, apple-growing to Zionism. With the gift of a Book Token you bestow the added pleasure of letting your friends choose for themselves at the nearest bookshop.

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Designed to be Read as Literature

ARRIVING at his office on the day of the lecture, the Education Officer discovered he had forgotten his key. Since, by law, he should have returned it to the Guard Room the night before, the loss disturbed him. While he was searching in the recesses of his battledress blouse, his clerk, Inkpen, singing wordlessly, turned the corner, swinging the key in his hand.

"Good morning, Sir," he said. "Don't you find it hot wearing your battledress blouse right through the summer?"

"Yes, Inkpen. I find it very hot. But it so happens that my battledress trousers come up to my armpits. Where did you get that key?"

"You'd left it on the desk, Sir. I climbed through the window to get it."

The clerk went into the Information Room, where until tea-time—some thirty minutes ahead—he would occupy himself in laying out and reading the newspapers. The Education Officer went into the Library, which also served as the small classroom and his office. There, his first act was to draw a sharp red line in ink through the day on the calendar. Alongside the date he wrote the figures 524. In 524 days he would be released from his National Service. This ritual performed, he sat in his chair, which bucked as well as swivelled; put his feet on the desk, and looked around the room. Where other Education Officers hung illustrated maps of "Japan: Birth of a Democracy," or "America: Industrial Giant," or "NATO: the Chain of Command," he had as a frieze the leaves of calendars enumerating the months of his service. His Group Education Officer had once asked him what he meant by this, but he had avoided answering by pretending not to hear the question.

An airman slouched into the room without knocking and, once inside, without saluting.

"Why didn't you salute?"

"I didn't have my beret on," he said, "Sir."

"Why didn't you have your beret on?"

"I don't know," he said, "Sir."

The airman wanted a course in chemical engineering. By extraordinary chance the Education Officer found the book detailing the courses in the first drawer he opened. Selecting the appropriate code number he told the airman which it was and then asked him for his name.

"Cahoon."

"And how do you spell that?"

"C O L"—

The Education Officer wrote the letters down.

—"L A R B O N E."

The Education Officer put down his pen and looked at the airman: "That's all, *Collarbone*."

Collarbone took his beret from his pocket, put it on his head, saluted and left the room. There were crumbs and a single butt-end on the back of his beret.

The Education Officer wondered where he should begin. By catching up on his registers? By marking the batch of essays on "My Nightmares" *or* "My Home Town" *or* "What I Think of National Service?" By checking his Library? He decided to begin with the Library, and had actually walked to the filing cabinet when the telephone rang. The Adjutant wanted the Education Officer's contribution to the Mess Football Pool Syndicate at once. Immediately, it rang again. The Station Commander wanted to know how he should pronounce Terpsichore. He was told. He then asked how the reorganisation of the Information Room was getting along. "I'm sizing it up, Sir," said the Education Officer. "Well done, my boy," said the Station Commander.

The Education Officer returned to his filing cabinet and took out some cards on which were the titles of the books his library was supposed to possess. The telephone rang again. Irritably, he picked up the receiver. "Primo Carnera," he said.

"Didn't know you were a linguist, old boy," said the Equipment Officer. "Quite the Seven Pillars, aren't you. What about this inventory? Three days late, you know. I'm handing the names of all the shy laddies in to the boss man tomorrow. Get airborne." He rang off.

Shaken by this conversation, the Education Officer pressed a button on his desk. In the next room the bell rang like a fire-alarm.

"That bell made me jump," said Inkpen. "Tea's not ready yet."

"Where's that inventory, Inkpen?"

"It's not far, Sir," said Inkpen.

"We're getting cracking this afternoon, my boy."

"Yes, Sir," said the clerk, leaping in the air and, once landed, leaning backwards at attention. Smartly turning about, he goose-stepped out of the room.

"Inkpen."

"Yeah, boss?"

"What do you know about Collarbone?"

"A fine lad, Sir. A Bolshie like you and me."

"You ought to go on the Halls when you leave here, Inkpen."

"I am giving my mind to it, Sir."

"Any of your fellow donkeys shown up yet?"

"Not yet, Sir."

"Any experts on trade unionism among them?"

"If they were experts on anything at all, they wouldn't be coming to the lecture, would they?"

"Don't say that, Inkpen. It wounds me."

"Sorry, Sir. But why don't you give us your lecture on the history of British sport, Sir? it makes all the boys feel like intellectuals if you talk about what they are keen on. Nobody cares about trade unions."

"Then it's time they did. You, Inkpen, are the trade unionist of the future."

"Do you really mean that, Sir?"

The clerk sat down in the armchair as if he had received important news. He stroked his chin with his hand and stared at the ceiling. A remarkable change had come over Inkpen since, by an act of chance, he had been moved to the Education Section. (The act of chance consisted in an application from the Education Officer for a clerk arriving on the Adjutant's desk simultaneously with a complaint from the Catering Officer that Inkpen was more of a pest than a help in the cookhouse.) At one time he had been notorious for a letter of his which had appeared in a weekly magazine, in which he alleged that his girl friend had left him after accusing him, on the evidence of his "habits and appearance" of being a vampire. He still

had fang-like teeth, curiously jointed fingers and a widow's peak; still needed a weekly haircut. But now he only had his hair cut fortnightly, and slouched with more distinction. His indiscriminate reading in the Libary and Information Room had transformed his attitudes towards, among other things, music and the British Press. He had been heard calling one weekly as "the poor man's guide to illiteracy" and was even more scathing in the barrack block about popular crooners. Before entering the R.A.F. he had been a labourer, but had already taken three subjects in the General Certificate of Education and passed two, English and Mathematics.

"Why isn't there a trade union in the Air Force, Sir?"

"Shut up, Inkpen."

"When you force me to sweep the floor, Sir, are you making me a blackleg?"

The Education Officer, who was looking at a card on the table, didn't answer. The book listed on the card was: *The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature.*

"Inkpen, bring me some of these cards, some blank ones."

Inkpen barked like a dog and brought the cards from a cupboard. Suddenly there was a sharp whistle from the next room. The Education Officer disliked to hear the kettle boiling. It reminded him of an unpleasant incident when he was the hooker in a rugby scrum and an enraged referee had crawled into the scrum and blown the whistle in his face. Inkpen, who knew about this, ran from the room.

On one of the cards that the clerk had brought, the Education Officer printed carefully in a disguised hand: *Of Human Bondage Designed to be Read as Literature.* He put the card with the others, took up another and wrote: *Men at Arms Designed to be Read as a Comic Novel.* He picked up another card but before entering anything on it scratched his head while he thought. He wanted to be fair as well as accurate. He wondered if *Brideshead Revisited Designed to be Read as a Food and Wine Guide* would be better than *The Collected Works of Dorothy Sayers* with the same designation.

He walked to the window and looked out at the Adjutant practising a golf shot in the sunshine and then went back to his desk and wrote: *The Collected Works of Dorothy Sayers Designed to be Read as Detective Novels.* In an attempt to mislead anyone who might try and trace the entries to himself he wrote on a fourth card: *A Gun For Sale Designed to be Read as an Entertainment.*

He stacked all the cards and put them back in the filing cabinet. He experienced the same spurious exhilaration—as from a hard day's work done—as he did after his lunch-time stint with the *Manchester Guardian.*

From the next room he heard sounds as if a great many people were swinging on the lights and singing a variety of Latvian folk-songs simultaneously. Inkpen brought in the tea.

"I'm afraid we'll have to use your sugar today, Sir."

"We always use my sugar, Inkpen."

"That's what I mean, Sir. We'll have to use your sugar today."

They drank their tea while the noise in the other room grew. A desk fell. There was a great roar of laughter.

"Get your hair cut, Frobisher," someone shouted in a remarkably precise imitation of the Station Warrant Officer. The Education Officer was glad that the scene on parade—when the S.W.O. had towered over L.A.C. Jones and bawled "Get your hair cut, Frobisher"—had also amused his class. "My name's Jones, Sir." "That doesn't make your hair any shorter."

They finished their tea. "Where's the Mace?" asked Inkpen.

"Is there anything under the sun that doesn't seem to you the proper subject of farce, Inkpen?"

Inkpen staggered out of the room as if cradling an object of great weight in his arms. His entry was welcomed with cheering.

"Put some ink in your pen," someone shouted. Everyone laughed.

"She was only a butcher's daughter," said Inkpen, smart as a tack, referring to the wit's recent marriage. The laughter was louder than before.

When the Education Officer entered the room, everyone sat down. Some airmen closed the books or magazines they had open on the desks. Many shut their eyes. Others went on reading for thirty seconds to show they weren't afraid. Inkpen was sitting among his Music Circle crohies, looking around at them with a proprietary smile. Others might have the Adjutant, others the Equipment Officer, but this exhibit belonged to him alone. Inkpen nodded encouragingly to the Education Officer.

He surveyed the room from the picture of Chiang Kai-shek to a tourist poster of Rio de Janeiro, which was the best he could do.

"I'm going to tell you all about trade unions today."

They groaned. But they always groaned. It was part of the conspiracy.

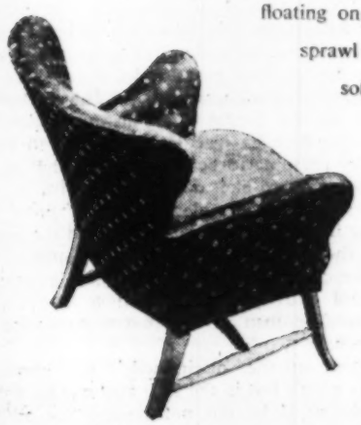
W. JOHN MORGAN

"Mon chair ami"

purred the ERCOLion

Quite the friendliest of chairs is my wing-back Windsor Tub with its buttoned back and sides. Grace it with your form and it will cradle you affectionately on foam rubber cushions, floating on cable springs. Sit, loll sprawl or fidget, it will yield softly to your every whim. Nestle between its ample arms; rest your tired head against the gentle curve of its upholstered shoulder . . . but enough said. Get one for yourself and a lion's chair of comfort will be yours.

NO. 236



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The New Statesman and Nation, December 18, 1954

The Admirable "K"

CULTURED, polite and with what the French call *serviable* manners which give, at first glance, the impression of a civilised diplomat, Sir Kenneth Clark, at fifty, is still six men in search of a character: the extreme restlessness of his nature is at once his strength and his weakness. Member of a wealthy "cotton" family, he has pirouetted in the *mondain* world but not neglected his scholarship. With the intellectual exclusiveness of the wealthy Wykehamist, he has combined a habit of doing small kindnesses—the telling ones—which has earned him more friends than his enemies suppose. One fancies that one might have met him subtly refining on art and life with Prince Amerigo; yet it was an appetite for action and power which led him, gradually, from the seclusion of the study and, most recently, has carried him from the world of art to a more exciting and, possibly for him, more ephemeral stage in the world of commercial television.

His adaptability, or rather his belief that all things can be mastered—even, as visitors to the National Gallery's wartime concerts remember, the conducting of an orchestra—is not so much a tribute to "K's" vanity as to his belief in the full life. Pupil of Berenson and friend of Roger Fry, he learnt to appreciate a wide range of arts and styles; indeed his training under "B. B." may have done more than give him a knowledge of Italian art: it may have strengthened his half-unconscious view of himself as Renaissance universalist. His career, indeed, is in the tradition of the Whig oligarch who could pen an essay as he ruled an office; and there is an element of Byronic devil-me-care in the ability which he displayed to write a perceptive study of the English Gothic revival at a time when his interests were fastening on Italian art.

With all doors open to him when he came from Oxford, "K" chose to accept the post of Keeper of Fine Arts at the Ashmolean Museum. He had barely time to prove his mettle there before the summons came to Trafalgar Square. Yet the very fact that he thus hit the jack-pot so quickly was a valid reason, in "K's" philosophy, why this agreeable post, after a decade or so, should be given up. He has never wished to be fashioned in one mould; he has preferred to shift at the bidding both of his own temperament and that of his volatile, beautiful, and superbly stylish wife.

His regime at the National Gallery was successful. Even if his purchase of the Giorgiones provoked criticism, some splendid acquisitions were made in his time. Before the controversy over the cleaned pictures arose, he was gone. Regrettably, perhaps. Had he remained, he might have made further great contributions to the Gallery's future; he could have persuaded, one feels, a reluctant public and a still more hesitant Government to furnish the funds necessary for the extension of the building. But in "K's" career there has always been a constant factor—the desire to be in two places at once and to do two things at the same time. He might even have as his device: *Wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück.*

Even in the world of pictures, he was not content to work only in his chosen field of Italian art, issuing a catalogue of the Leonardo drawings at Windsor and a choice monograph on this artist; he wished, as it were, to face up to his own generation. He became a Patron. Nowadays the enthusiasm aroused by the Euston Road School or even the romantic phase of Graham Sutherland may seem to belong to a pre-war dispensation, but in the Thirties they appeared to announce a new and glorious era; and incidentally—as K's opposite number at Millbank, Sir John Rothenstein, so constantly reiterated—an English reply to the pre-eminence of Paris. Nationalistic trumpetings, however, were not part of "K's" cosmopolitan make-up; he was eager only to discover a true vein of talent, just as he was to later write a sensitive account of Dr. Edith Sitwell's poetry. But he did more than buy his protégés' work; as the patron saint of Moore, Sutherland and Pasmore, he helped to give contemporary English art a necessary status. The results were fruitful. Yet, even here, he was hampered by one of the basic difficulties of his personality: the fact that at heart he is not really a "modern." He has experimented with the Cubists, Matisse and his English contemporaries, but his taste really lay with Cézanne, Seurat and Degas.

For those who recall his lovely house in Hampstead, which he has now left for a Castle in Kent, the decorations, the arrangement and the choice of the pictures were refreshingly individual. Of course, the limpid Cézanne of the *Chateau Noir* and the Renoir *Nude* were what one might expect, but the Millet drawing or the Charles Jacque suggested a nostalgia for the atmosphere of an earlier age, for the Barbizon "moderns" of his father's generation. The Delacroix, the Yeats *Rose*, the gaiety and charm of the interior as a whole—the sense of a house lived in and on parade—were refreshing for those who had the entrée at the close of the war. And "K" was quick to hail his establishment as a last bastion of civilisation. Indeed, one sometimes felt that only Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark would have the skill to use an exquisite Venetian tumbler in the bathroom and not break it.

It is because "K" feels, one suspects, a constant need to renew himself that his taste is so eclectic: however, the pattern of his collecting has been in the true English tradition, with its emphasis on quality. Would he not have been at home in the breakfast room of Samuel Rogers? Yet there is a difference. Pictures have entered and left his collection with surprising speed; and in turning them over he has been chasing the mirage of perfection and warding off the demon of ennui. Not that his ventures have proved unprofitable; but this is as it should be. In our iron age a man of means must command means if he is to survive; if he is to represent the civilisation in which he so firmly believes.

With so polished and controlled a personality as "K," dynamism seems hardly an appropriate word at first sight. But some inner imp is always there to impel him so that he has hardly time to finish one chapter of his life, before another one is waiting to be written. Yet even if the width of his interests and of his writings is considerable, a certain continuity and pattern, reflective of his personality, can be discerned. Essays on Alberti or Ruskin, an examination of the nature of poetry and landscape are amongst "K's" recent works; and are marked by a distinct freshness of touch and a sense of balance that best appeared, however, in his volume on Piero della Francesca. That "K's" study on Piero was felt in some quarters not to quite match up to the man might be partly due to the suspicion that an art historian must disown a distinctive literary style. But with "K" the style is the man, and he writes out of the fullness of his reactions. As a reviewer remarked at the time, with rare insight, this was a book of our epoch, just as much as a novel by Graham Greene. May we not discover a reflection of "K's" own dilemmas in his summing up of his chosen artist: "The perfect unity of Piero's forms, transcending calculation, rested on confidence in the harmony of creation; and at some point this confidence left him?" Aware of the threats to the balanced world, with which his tastes ally him, "K" has increasingly realised that to preserve such confidence as he still possesses, a positive policy, a need to grapple with life, is essential. Without such action the hollowness of life might appear too grim.

"K," one senses, has a certain half-ironic awareness of his gifts and limitations. Admitting, for instance, that the publication of lectures was a form of literary suicide, he has done so all the same. His essays on Landscape painting—and the recent extracts from his book on the Nude in art—again reflect the dilemma of the historian wishing to be a littérateur, who feels that the too conventional approach, the more elaborate and documented treatment, does not quite fill the bill. The trap with such an attitude, as he must be very well aware, is superficiality. That he writes as he does, this Swann of art history, is derived from a need to be true to himself, or to what one may presume to be the true self that hides under the Piero-like dome of his head and emerges from the dry alert smile and under the amiable if distant manner. For behind the polite mask there lurks a melancholy spirit and a romantic heart; thus he has to pursue a round of activity and live up to the image of himself—a man of the past eager to be of his epoch.

Elegant, urbane, disciplined, "K" certainly appears a little lost in the 20th century; he would be more so if he did not possess for all his prudence, for all his diplomatic calculation, a

touch of the gambler's spirit. In the 18th century we might have found him at the green tables at White's. Now he prefers to gamble with other counters. With his gifts, his wealth, his possibility of profitable leisure, and a substantial career behind him, he might have preferred to spend his last years writing and cultivating his new garden. Such was his aim when he left the National Gallery. That he should become Chairman of the Arts Council is one matter; that he should venture into the tangled world of commercial television is another. Yet the last act helps to explain the man. We may interpret his actions as a wish for power, as a desire to rattle the dice once more, or as an act of public duty. All these motives are surely there. Is there not another one? At long last "K" has found his way to the Castle. By undertaking an ungrateful and a hard task, he has proved to himself, that the man of taste, the virtuoso, can face the dust of the arena.

The Arts and Entertainment

A NEW TRISTAN

WHEN Covent Garden's new musical director, Mr. Rafael Kubelik, takes over next year, he will find an institution faulty in some respects, but very far from moribund. In addition to the two large-scale new English operas by Walton and Tippett which are being mounted in two successive months, the current season includes brilliant revivals of two of the most complex and difficult operas of the German repertory, *Wozzeck* and *Tristan*. The theatre's main weakness lies in its Italian department; moreover, since our schools and colleges rarely produce a singer capable of sustaining the larger Verdi roles in a big house, and since the best foreign interpreters of these roles are understandably reluctant to get them up in English for the sake of a few guest performances, it is rather hard to see how this situation can be quickly mended. Meanwhile, the characteristically British compromise by which we all agree that it is wicked to sing Verdi in Italian or Massenet in French, but perfectly permissible to sing Wagner and most of Richard Strauss in German, has the curious result of withholding *Otello*, while enabling us to enjoy admirable performances of *Tristan und Isolde*.

The main credit for the success of these performances belongs to the guest conductor, Rudolf Kempe. If he dwells less than others on the romantic beauties of the passing moment, he shows a masterly grasp of the classical proportions of Wagnerian design as a whole. In the third act, especially, that unique marvel of musical architecture, Herr Kempe's performance was worthy of the great succession of *Tristan* conductors known to Covent Garden during the past thirty years: Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, Sir Thomas Beecham and the lamented Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was always at his very best in Wagner. In this act Herr Kempe's firm hand allowed the successive waves of emotion to gather their own rhythmic pull and tension until at last they broke over our heads with the shattering force of the inevitable. But he could not have achieved such an effect if he had had to work with a second-rate Tristan.

Notwithstanding the paramount importance of the Wagnerian conductor, the Wagnerian tenor is a far rarer animal; perhaps, therefore, our gratitude for a notable performance of the opera should have been addressed in the first place to Wolfgang Windgassen. Tall and personable (though badly made-up in the first act), strong and steady of voice, a sound musician and competent actor, the Bayreuth tenor possesses all the essential requirements of a Tristan. To judge by this performance and by his Bayreuth recordings and broadcasts, I doubt if a more satisfying Wagner tenor has been heard since the war—which means, in effect, since Lauritz Melchior. We have learned not to ask too much of our Heldentenors, and Melchior himself, as I need not remind my older readers, had grave defects as actor and musician, in consequence of which no sensible critic ever described his Tristan or Siegfried in such terms as were habitually used, thirty years earlier, of Jean de Reszke's Wagnerian performances. Herr Windgassen's voice lacks the dark romantic glow of Melchior's, but it is an unfailingly pleasant instrument which remains serviceable through three long acts; being produced without constriction, its tone-quality is free from the "wiriness" that detracts from the fine interpretations of Set Svanholm. The new tenor's intonation is good, though not flawless; his declamation accurate, earnest and impassioned to the point of an occasional *parlando* outburst at moments of climax, against which he must be on his guard, for this is a fatally easy and vicious habit to cultivate. In the first two acts he was most effective in those moments which call for a tragic restraint and chivalry of utterance, such as "War Morold dir so wert?" or "Wohin nun Tristan scheidet"; in the love duet he was a little cold, but he made amends for this by the profound emotion aroused by his singing—as by the exquisite orchestral playing—in the prolonged delirium and nostalgia of the last act.

Sylvia Fisher has deepened and strengthened her fine Isolde, and now sings the music with consistently rich tone and musical phrasing; she was admirably supported by the self-effacing and extremely sympathetic Brangaene of Maria von Ilosvay. Among the lesser parts, mention must be made of the excellent Shepherd of William McAlpine. Scenically, the second act is poor and the third a disgrace. It is important that Tristan's clothes in Act I should establish him as a warrior, and it is difficult to imagine the Isolde whose beauty would be enhanced by the electric blue dress worn by Miss Fisher in the garden scene. But, whatever Wagner or his grandsons may say, these are secondary considerations. The music is the heart of the matter, and in this performance the heart was sound and the music worked its old irresistible magic.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FERNAND LÉGER AND THE FUTURE

OUR productive, scientific abilities have outstripped our ethical and social conscience. That is a platitude and no more than a half truth, but it is nevertheless a way of summing up at least an aspect of the crisis of our time. Nearly all contemporary artists who have faced up to this crisis at all, have concentrated on the ensuing conflict of conscience. Léger is unique because he has seized upon our technical achievements and by concentrating upon their real nature has been led on to discover the spirit, the ethics, the attitude of mind, necessary to control and exploit them to our full advantage. It is because of this—because Léger has put the facts of our environment first and *through* them has arrived at his attitude to life—that one can claim that he is so boldly a materialist.

As an artist Léger is often accused of being crude, vulgar, impersonal. He is none of these things. It is his buoyant confidence that makes him seem crude to the diffident. It is his admiration of industrial techniques and therefore of the industrial worker that makes him seem vulgar to the privileged; and his belief in human solidarity that makes him seem impersonal to the isolated.

All this can be seen in the present retrospective Léger show at the Marlborough Galleries. It is a pity that the exhibition includes only one large canvas—Léger is essentially a large-scale artist: indeed he is hardly an easel painter at all—but the 120 works which have been collected together are sufficient to make sense of the development and character of his genius.

Léger's greatest works are those which he has painted since the war and those in which, dealing

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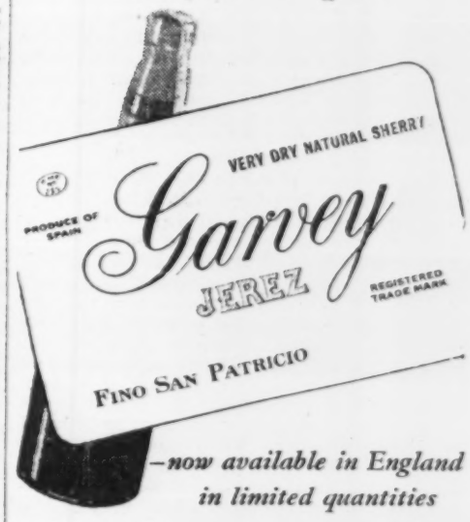

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with the human figure, he expresses directly the profound humanism of his materialist philosophy. Here there are some studies for his famous large painting of builders working together on scaffolding, some of his monumental heads with their striped flags of bright colours superimposed over their contours, and a painting (the one large canvas) of three nude women with a boy sitting on the lap of one of them playing an accordion.

The sketches for *Les Constructeurs* are such an obvious expression of Léger's whole attitude to art and life that little need be said about them. They do however show how thoroughly and how pliably—in terms of design—he prepares for his large works which appear so simple and so firm.

The paintings of heads with their superimposed strips of bright orange, red and blue, represent the culmination of Léger's art. Léger began off with the machine. His cubist pictures were untheoretical. In them he simply used the cube and the cylinder to re-create the energy of machine blocks and pistons. Then he discovered the machine-made object. Unlike most artists but like the average man of our century, he was not interested in its associations but in how it was made. From this period in his painting he learnt how to manage solids—how to manufacture them, how to preserve a surface with paint, how to dazzle with contrasts, how to assemble mass-produced signs with colour. Later, interested by how colour changed the appearance of shapes and vice versa, he began designing abstract murals. Yet, unlike so many others, he always realised that abstract painting meant nothing if separated from architecture. "It is our duty," he said, "to spread light and colour"—and he meant into the mean, grimed city apartments. From this phase he learnt to see beyond the single static object: he learnt to connect. And with this formal development came a human one. He saw that the machine had made labour collective, that its discipline had created a new class, that it could offer freedom. He suddenly saw machines as tools in the hands of men, no longer as mere objects in themselves. From that moment everything he painted ceased to be a celebration of the mechanical industrial world as it is, and became a celebration of the richer human world to which industrialisation would eventually lead. He painted Adam and Eve and made them a French worker and his girl granted Leisure. He painted bicycles as a symbol of the machine available to the working class which could convey them to where they wished. And he painted his monumental heads with their waving flags of colour.

The subtlety of these works is subtle. Léger is not one to parade his sensibility as though it were his only virtue. The bright dynamic colours reflect what he has learnt from the machine. The unblinking confidence of the heads, expressed in their faces themselves and in the steady unchanging contours which define them, reflect what he has learnt from those who work machines. The two then combine. These paintings incorporate all the formal discoveries of modern art and yet are classic, suggest order and yet are full of gaiety. The strips of colour run across many different forms yet are so finely modified and placed that they give to each a solidity and definition which is nothing short of miraculous. I have called these works flags. They are emblems for something permanent and are as full of movement as pennants in the wind.

The large painting of the three nudes and the boy with an accordion shows how Léger is the only modern European artist to have created an heroic style. Many factors prove this; that the work has a dignity and a sense of scale which in no way relies upon its literal subject; that on one hand it is as formal and architectural as a Corbusier building, and on the other is as simple in meaning as a ballad: that the nudity of the figures is less private than any painted since Michelangelo. (Léger's use of chiarascuro in his nudes is also reminiscent of Michelangelo). Those who complain that Léger's figures are cold and impersonal misunderstand the nature of heroic art. He makes his figures nude to emphasise what they have in common. He calls this picture *Les Trois Soeurs*. The heroic artist cannot by definition be interested in idiosyncrasies, but that is not at all the same thing as being cold.

Léger stands beside Picasso. Picasso is the painter of today; his greatness rests, as I have previously tried to show, on the vitality with which he expresses our present conflicts. Léger is the painter of the future. And by that I do not simply mean that his future as an artist is assured, but that he assures his audience, if they have the courage to accept it, of their future.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE TV production of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, followed, appropriately or ironically as you feel inclined, by the Sunday evening hymn, "Come, thou long-expected Jesus," occurred, I can't help thinking, at a strategic point in recent programmes. As an adaptation to television, Mr. Nigel Kneale's version could scarcely have been bettered; remarkably little of the book was lost, and the weaknesses seemed to me the weaknesses of the original. I was not, for example, convinced of the relationship between Winston Smith and Julia, but then I have never been convinced of it when reading: Orwell was incapable of rendering either sensuality or lyricism. There were fine performances: Mr. Peter Cushing as Winston, Miss Yvonne Mitchell as Julia, Mr. André Morell as O'Brien. The impact was not as great as I would have expected, perhaps because the actual physical world of 1984 was not conveyed with any great conviction. In the novel it is there mainly by implication; it exists as the "given"; translation into vision seemed to weaken it. All the same, the play was horrid and horrifying enough; and I had read the novel at least twice. How must it have seemed to those to whom it was quite fresh?

Strong meat then; but in aid of what? And for whose good? These are the questions that interest me and lead me to reflect upon its especial placing among recent programmes. That the placing was by design I do not for a moment believe; nevertheless, the juxtaposition has its fascination. The evening before we had watched the repeat of the fifth film in the series *War in the Air*, and the evening before that we had looked in at *Operation Escort*, a naval and air exercise of the N.A.T.O. Channel Command. In other words, one way and another we have in recent programmes been very much in the wars.

War in the Air is a record of a war already waged; *Operation Escort* a routine exercise for a war not yet fought. As programmes, both were, it seems to me, technically excellent, and *War in the Air*, as a film pieced together from documentaries and news reels of both sides in the last war, brilliant. It is all there, the Battle of Britain, the sinking of convoys, the hunting of battleships, the bombing—our bombing and their bombing; and as the air-raid alarms wail on the sound-track, one jumps up to turn down the volume control in order that the old ladies in the flat above shall not be struck with heart attack. But the curious thing about it all, for me at any rate, is how little it now means. Or rather, one has come to take it for granted; it has become a norm of existence, even in a way, as one contemplates the worse horrors the future may have in store, a desirable norm. The rescue-workers dig out the trapped, the injured and the dead from the bombed building. It was only a land-mine—kid's stuff. As for *Operation Escort*, as one cut from the underground fort which was the headquarters of the operation to the interior of a submarine, the bridge of a destroyer or the cabin of a Coastal Command aeroplane, one marvelled at the ingenuity of it all. It fascinated all right, but in an abstract way, because of its unreality. It was merely an exercise: hand grenades tossed over the side to simulate depth charges, a smoke shell shot up to the surface to denote the sunk submarine. I'm not complaining about the programme as a programme; I do speculate about its purpose and its effects.

Purpose and effect are impossible in this context to disentangle. Effect will differ with each viewer, and I doubt whether there is any avowed purpose deeper than that contained in the journalist's "Here's a good story." Yet don't these programmes contribute in fact to the general conditioning of us all, a conditioning which is now continuous and from almost every side, to accept war as a normal state, and even, in the case of *War in the Air*, to regard the possible horrors of the future with some complacency by showing us the horrors we have come through? Couldn't they be seen, however far it may be from the intention of those who put them on, as stages in a softening-up process? A length of film showing a poor devil on fire from a napalm bomb would obviously not be nearly so effective.

What one objects to in these programmes as a sustained diet for viewers is their impersonality, their disregard for the human. The simple facts of human suffering are shown as something incidental to technology and of trivial account. It is precisely here that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* comes in. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is an ambiguous work and has been turned into one of the propaganda missiles of the cold war. But at least it has a great theme. It is about human dignity, and in the forefront of the canvas of the novel is the one suffering human being, Winston Smith. So its juxtaposition with *War in the Air* and *Operation Escort* was ironical. It pointed the moral those programmes never drew, which in fact they could have nothing to do with but which all the same is implicit in them. The television version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* opened with the symbol that everyone now must recognise: the mushroom cloud. And in its context last Sunday night, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* said as plainly as possible: "All right. Drink your bottled beer and your British wine and watch the record of your earlier war in the air. Admire the ingenuity of exercises for wars to come. Let yourself be kidded by the technological marvels. Ignore the tiny suffering human personality who is not in the picture—yourself. Do all that—and this you are seeing now may very well happen to you."

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Phffft", at the Leicester Square
"Carrington, V.C.", at Warner's
"Under the Caribbean", at the Empire

Occasionally, when I arrive early for a film, I am entertained by flashes from the advertising world. A hand descends in voluptuous slow motion towards a full box of chocolates; three bewitching girls perch themselves about the car of a customer, male, who has drawn in for petrol; a beaming old servitor pours out the sparkling remedy for Acid Stomach; children inform us of the only way to whiter cuffs, and some son of a sheik has got hair-cream into his smile. I don't quite know why, at 10.30 in the morning, these delights should be urged on us; perhaps only as a change from that disc-jockey behind the scenes who will develop a sudden fixation on, say, Tchaikovsky's *Sugar Plum Fairy*. At any rate, the film at the Leicester Square borrows the flash technique and begins by advertising itself. A young lady steps forward—on the screen—and says "Phffft"; then she tells us how it is done; then she does it again; and

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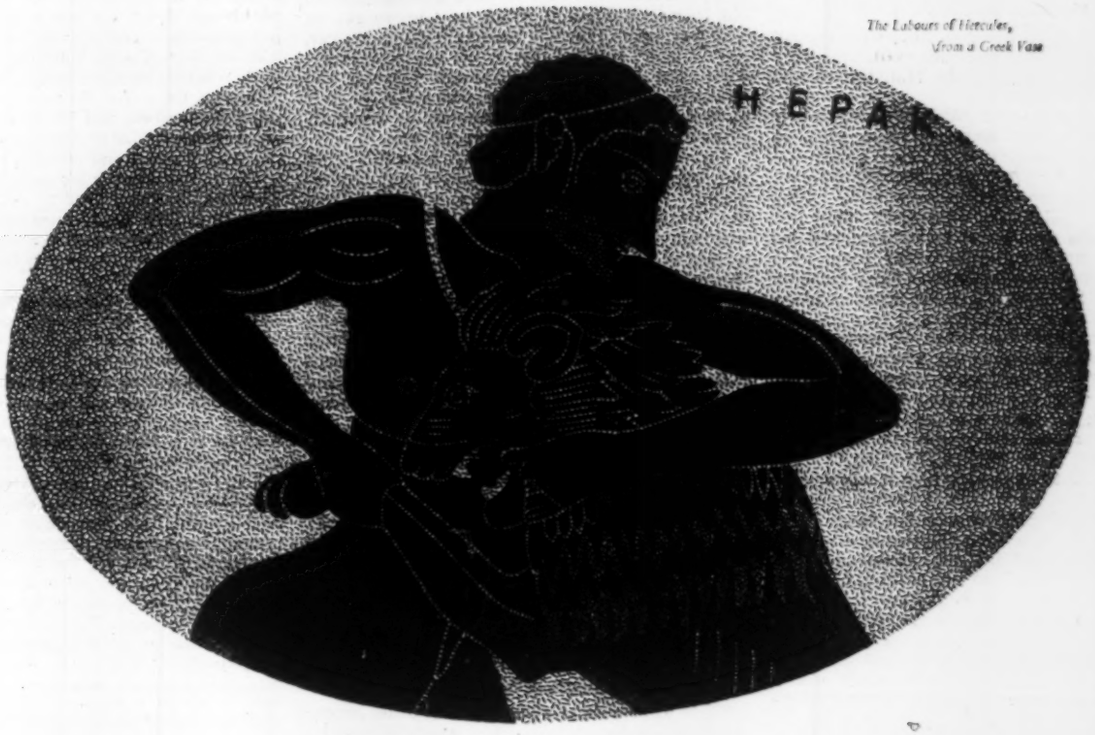

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Second best looks after itself; but a great reputation is made again each day.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

it's to be hoped we shall all go away and start saying "Phffft" in lifts and on buses. As a matter of fact this little word is pronounced as spelt, and there's no mystery. It is our old friend "phut." What has gone so, in the present instance, is yet another marriage, with—this may raise the spirits—Miss Judy Holliday as the injured party.

I think—I *know*—that Miss Holliday is my favourite screen comedienne. Who else, so deliciously, can convey with her glance an absence of glance? And then, like the blankest of dawns, light up with a surmise—a rising suspicion—a day-dream of a thought? Only Mr. William Bendix that I can remember; and his charm takes us along quite other paths, into stoke-holes, and gangster's pay. Miss Holliday floats on air. Sometimes it is the air of an idea: earlier in the year, in a film that was one-half golden, she realised the notion of having one's name in lights by hiring a huge advertising space. Most of us would have been content with the tickle of the idea, but not Miss Holliday. She had saved up; the space was acquired; she liked to be driven round and round the square for another look. Her appreciative giggle was irresistible, even to the young man it was driving mad.

This time she rises on no such fine fancy. Her husband sprawls in a chair devouring a sadistic romance, shivers when the maid brings in coffee; there's deathly silence; and just as Miss Holliday, upright on the sofa, is beginning to wonder whether the coffee's cold, he utters the word "Divorce." So be it: she takes to divorce furiously. Her freedom—and his too—must be asserted up to the hilt. She emerges like a battling peacock from their First Chance Meeting in a Restaurant; gives in to her mother who for years has been urging on her—as an essential step in interior decoration—a round bed; tipples a bit, and does her best to yield gratefully to an old friend's seduction; which he tries to get on with passionate knives, a moustache, a sports car, etc. I won't pretend that *Phffft* is extravagantly witty, but with these half-dozen players, and especially with Miss Holliday, who out of form is unthinkable, the film does bounce us along its effervescent course. But damn the title.

Carrington, V.C., is Anthony Asquith's: not the Asquith of *The Young Lovers* and *Underground*, but of *The Browning Version*. Here the restrictions, the character building, the dramatic turns are all of the stage. Court martial of a hero; he has borrowed from the paymaster's safe quite a sum; his strong case is spoilt by a wife who lies at the witness stand, and there's a very English lady captain to rouse her jealousy and for him to fall back on. This, with David Niven and Margaret Leighton in the chief parts, makes quite good semi-serious entertainment, and the etiquette of courts martial is smilingly underlined.

I should have much preferred *Under the Caribbean* if its makers, Hans and Lotte Hass, had kept themselves out. The real stars of this film are the sperm whale, the hammer-headed shark, and coloured shoals gliding through antlered valleys: why not let them shine? But the exhibitionist pair have to thrust themselves forward, he with his unenlivening talk, she as the bait for sharks. To fake shamelessly with such wonderful material seems to me a crime against nature and the camera.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Little Glass Clock", at the Aldwych

There will always be a public for chocolate-boxery, and there are those who like their bawdy in the form of the suggestive snigger. In *The Little Glass Clock* Mr. Hugh Mills attempts to combine these two tastes by setting his double-bed comedy in eighteenth-century France. The result, for those who share neither addiction, is the worst of two bad worlds. But tastes differ, and the wonder is not that the thing has been done, but that it should have been done by Mr. John Clements and Miss Kay Hammond. This partnership has lately shown its intelligence and wit in two admirable revivals of Shaw. That they should have un-graduated from that to this baffles comprehension.

T. C. W.

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LEARNING BY POST

SIR,—Mr. David Hardman implies that the Ministry of Education should have "some rights of control and inspection" over the methods and educational wares of correspondence colleges. As one who has had long and intimate experience of the workings of one British correspondence college, I emphatically agree.

The "guarantees" of refund of fee perhaps merit some further comment. "No Pass—No Fee" means that if, after completing every lesson of his course and sitting the examination for which he has prepared, the student fails to pass, his fee is returned. Nothing could be fairer, except that the major engineering examinations, for one example, entail important practical experience before the candidate may even compete. The gullible student may well prepare most conscientiously for an examination which lack of an engineering apprenticeship, for instance, will prevent him from ever taking. With some concerns, too, a "guarantee" of "No Post—No Fee" has been advertised, this referring to examinations for Civil Service appointments. Hundreds of enrolments are taken for courses preparing for a difficult examination held to fill, say, four vacancies. Good business, perhaps, but very poor mathematics—if not very questionable ethics.

Another subject for possible investigation is the exploitation of the gullible and semi-literate through the medium of extremely clever advertising and impressive brochures. African natives, for example, enrol by the thousand for courses which they are utterly unable to comprehend; their attempts at their lessons are quite fantastic, but their money is good, and though they are unable to understand—let alone complete—their courses, the accounts department, with its well-planned follow-up system (including stock solicitors' letters) ensures that they pay their instalment fees. An ill-educated lad who wants to better his position, and has saved some money, will pay cash down (£20 or £30) for some high-sounding engineering course and find that even the elementary lessons in mathematics are quite beyond him. Often, too often, he grows tired of asking for a return of fees—or at least for his text-books and lessons *en bloc*—and writes it all off as a dead loss. India and Pakistan, also, are proving very fruitful fields for such exploitation.

There is much that could be told—of "expert advisory staffs," for example, consisting of junior correspondence clerks working from carefully-prepared stock paragraphs; of tutors marking lessons by mass-production methods; of the astounding growth and varied interests of some of the bigger correspondence colleges—far too much for a single letter. And yet it is all so legal; all apparently so honest, so disinterested, such value for fees paid.

I do not wish to convey the impression of a nation-wide postal-tuition Dotheboys' Hall; most establishments are thoroughly reputable, and the courses themselves are, generally speaking, very good of their kind. But big correspondence college business is built on the assumption that the average student enrolling has very little self-discipline. Only a minute percentage of students (through lack of self-discipline or sheer intellectual incapacity) ever complete their courses. As things are, it could not very well be otherwise, for a properly completed course costs often the "college"—in text-books, lessons and tutors' wages—very much more than the student pays in fees.

In the interests not only of the thoroughly reputable establishments, but of the millions of potential students the world over, ripe for exploitation, should not the Ministry take an interest in this increasingly important aspect of "further education?"

JOHN RILEY

PERUVIAN WHALES

SIR,—If in fact—as the Chilean newspaper *El Mercurio* claims—the real reason for Peru's assumption of control over the 200 miles of seas washing her coast is to prevent the extermination of whales in the Humboldt Current, she is following a precedent set up by none other than the United States of America.

It was on September 28th, 1945, that President Truman issued a Proclamation "with respect to Coastal Fisheries in Certain Areas of the High Seas," wherein "in view of the pressing need for conservation and protection of fishery resources," he declared that "the Government of the United States regards it as proper to establish conservation zones in those areas of the high seas contiguous to the coasts of the United States wherein fishing activities have been or in the future may be developed and maintained on a substantial basis."

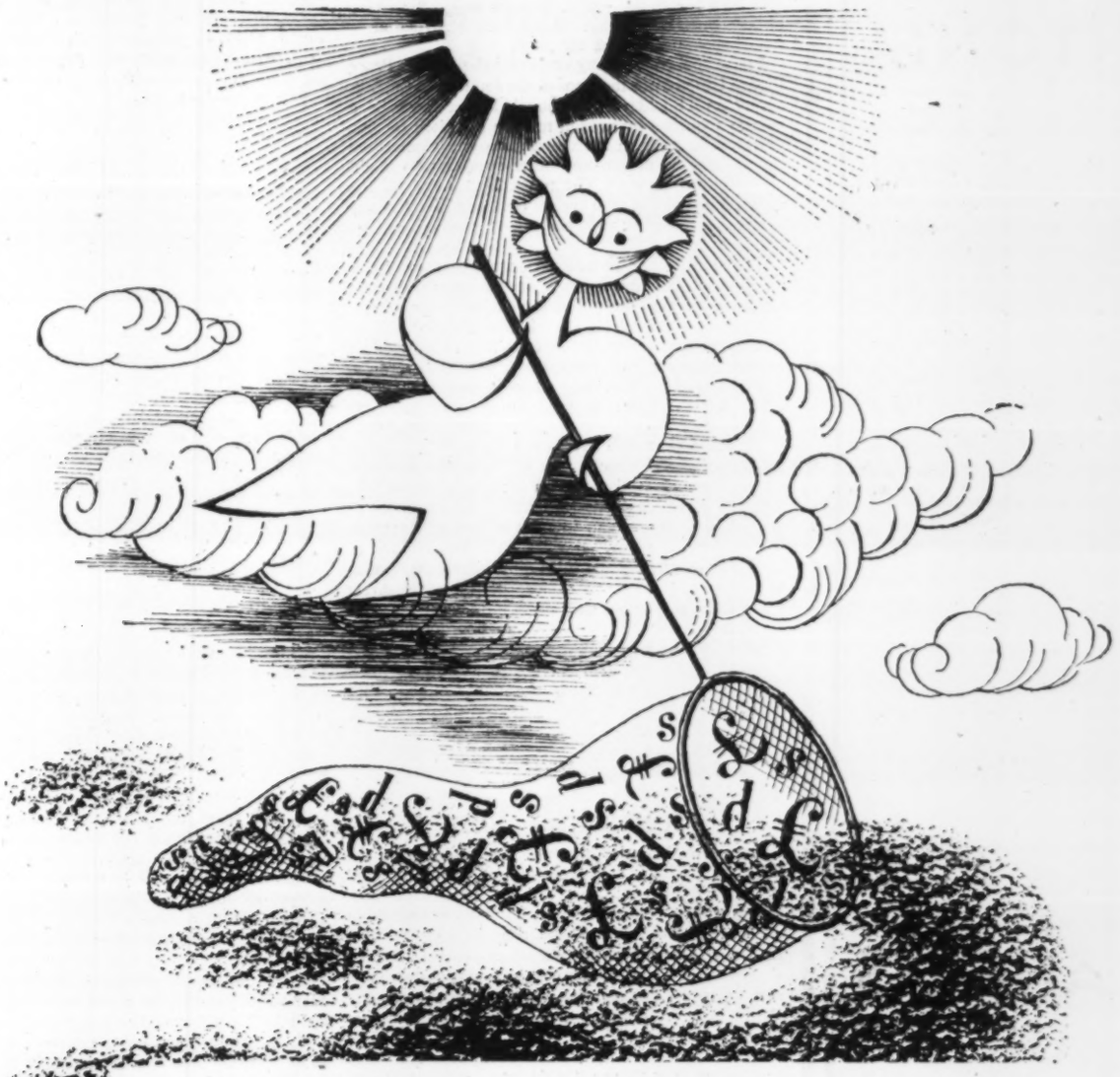
Without even any specific limitation as to extent, huge chunks of the high seas were thus more or less appropriated by the United States. Even a prominent American jurist writing at the time had to describe this Proclamation and the Executive Order which followed it as "a somewhat radical solution" and "an innovation in international law."

Admittedly, the Peruvian claim is stronger in that it proclaims "exclusive sovereignty and jurisdiction up to a minimum distance of 200 nautical miles," but its express reason is much the same, namely, "to conserve and ensure . . . the natural wealth of those areas of the sea which wash (our) shores."

Perhaps certain feelings of embarrassment may partly account for the fact that United States has been surprisingly quiet amid the din of the Onassis controversy. After all, in President Truman's Proclamation he did state: "The right of any State to establish conservation zones off its shores in accordance with the above principles is conceded."

FENTON BRESLER

6 Pump Court, Temple, E.C.4.



SMOG is made up of pounds, shillings & poison

Every puff of smoke up the chimney is raw material—wealth—down the drain! For coal is a raw material of great National importance. From it—if it isn't burnt raw—come nylons and medicines, paints and fertilizers, vitamins, motor spirit and many more things. All these things are saved if coal is carbonised, not burnt. And just as important, the gas and coke that result are smokeless fuels—all heat and no smog. Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and a menace to health.

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ANTONIA WHITE

BEYOND THE GLASS

The Times Lit. Supp.

"She is brilliantly successful in her account of Clara's collapse into madness. Her exact, realistic and uncharged prose is absolutely right for her terrible description of the asylum and of the hallucinations, a distorted reflection of real problems which chase each other through Clara's disordered mind. This is not simply a clinical dissection of madness but a most moving evocation of a spirit still suffering though loosed from its controls."

New Statesman

"Both the prelude and the delusions of madness are described with extraordinary vigour and poetry . . . a most moving account of the slow, incredibly difficult return to sanity."

L. A. G. Strong

"This shows us the novel at its honourable task of telling us something true about humankind. Excellent in more ways than one, it treats mental breakdown as an illness during which the essential person is still there, calling for love and sympathy as in any other illness." (The Spectator)

Peter Green

"Real power and unquenchable hope, and a blinding clarity of vision."
(12 6 net) (Daily Telegraph)

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

FLESH AND BLOOD

Sunday Times

"The best novel to have appeared in English for many, many months . . . a fresh, terrible beauty, its characters haunting the imagination. Mr. Gerard Hopkins' translation is impeccable as ever."

Stevie Smith

"A fine early novel now published for the first time in English."
(The Observer)

Manchester Guardian

"The greatest of all living Roman Catholic novelists."

Joseph Taggart

"One remains captured by the profound feeling of the writing, expressed as it is in prose so calm, economical and easy-flowing. He is a master word-painter." (The Star)

Nigel Nicolson

"One of the great French novels."
(10 6 net) (Daily Dispatch)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

SIR,—I am sure that all the regular speakers at Lincoln's Inn Fields will be grateful to you for taking up the question of that strange new obstruction to freedom of speech—the car park!

I have spoken for many years on behalf of the Peace Pledge Union from the steps of the fountain at the S.E. corner on Thursdays, and though I have never been able to acquire a myrmidon to keep the pitch for me, representations from the crowd as to my "unwritten rights" usually defeats any other speaker who might get there before me. The police always uphold the right of the person who speaks first, regardless of any stand, box or chair that may be "planted" on the pitch.

The question of parked cars occupying the space is, however, another matter, and in this respect it seems to me that the police are singularly unhelpful, if not actually obstructive. I will not say this is deliberate, since so much depends upon the mood or temperament of the particular constable on duty, but it is obvious that they could, if they wanted to, insist that the space of, say, two or three cars was kept clear.

On more than one occasion I have been told by the police that I should "fix it" with the car park keeper, turning, I dare say, a blind eye to the fact that this means compensating him at the minimum of 1s. per car. But when, in spite of having "crossed his palm with silver," the car park keeper fails to keep the space clear, he invariably blames the police who not only refuse to enforce it, but often direct car owners to park in that place. Between the convenient "passing of the buck" to one another, the speaker gets squeezed out.

Some of the speakers are trying to arrange for a deputation to the Holborn Borough Council; this, with the addition of your journal's most valuable support, will, perhaps, have some effect.

Peace Pledge Union, SYBIL MORRISON
6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

SOMETHING ELSE

SIR,—Mr. Priestley presents the problem of the Something Else as if it were unique to this age and not, as I suspect it is, one that has confronted most thoughtful (and satiated) men and women throughout the ages and which has from time to time "caught on" as an idea and started a mass movement. I think that one could find a similar *malaise* among philosophers and reformers of the past, and even believers like Pascal and Dr. Johnson were looking for the Something Else they could not find in their own religion. Indeed the search for the Something Else additional to what you put there yourself seems to be an eternal human (or Western) quest.

But as a mass problem (if such it be) it is, I feel, a specifically British or "Western" one. When I first left England over thirty years ago, everybody was trooping out of the churches; now they are all trooping back again. But it should not be concluded from this that the rest of the world is also in a chronic state of march and counter-march along a well-worn track leading away from, and back to, the Something Else. I can think of a dozen Asian countries where there are, God knows, problems enough but this is not among them.

The Something Else that Mr. Priestley seeks is not, he suggests, to be found in the existing creeds, but need one remind him that the watchful shepherds of the existing creeds are ever on the look out for frustrated sheep to lead them back into the fold? If he erects an altar to the Something Else, the "Unknown God," as the Athenians did, as sure as fate someone in the guise of a St. Paul will appear to identify his God for him. And Mr. Priestley, I feel, would be a far greater prize for the existing creeds than ever Dr. Joad was.

As a fellow alcoholic I am not disposed to point a finger at Mr. Priestley, but having mixed with much the same types as he describes in *Festival at Farbridge*, I am sure that he exaggerates British drinking by putting it into the Dashiel Hammett class, which we as a nation simply could not afford. But whether I am right or not, may I inquire which comes first, the "Pink Gin" or the yearning for the Something Else?

But even with Mr. Priestley putting on his marching-boots, I, for one, do not yet feel lonely. It is only if Lord Russell were to show signs of a hankering after the Something Else (as distinct from the spiritual afflatus of divine mystery which is ineffable) and were to prepare to counter-march, that I should have to get ready to commit suicide as the solitary survivor.

10 Lyndewode Road, VICTOR PURCELL
Cambridge.

ATOMIC BLINDNESS

SIR,—Recent reports of the long-distance disruptive effects of atomic explosions on the integrity of the eyes of animals are profoundly disturbing to me as an ophthalmologist. Your readers should know that the press reports on the recent American Medical Association Convention held in San Francisco tell of a paper read by four doctors from the Randolph School of Aviation Medicine. In this report experiments with rabbits at atomic bomb tests showed that the light from an atomic explosion 40 miles away can result in the fluid in the eyes being raised to steam heat, thus causing an "explosion" locally within the eye tissues. At night in clear air rabbit eyes as far away as 49½ miles were injured.

It has been shown that blinking is no protection for anyone involved in a direct view of an atomic explosion as it takes $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second to blink while the actual damage to the eye is done in $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second.

L. M. GREEN
55 Harley Street, W.1.

ATLANTIS

SIR,—The publishers of *Atlantis* might be grateful to Miss Mary Scrutton for pointing out inconsistencies in the spelling of Greek names, but she would have to be more particular in her citations. She says Hierax is spelt Heriax throughout, but Hierax appears on page 13, so Heirax later must be an uncorrected printer's error. Nor is *os* replaced by *us* in Telemachus; Telemachos appears consistently on pp. 234-248 and again on 319-320. Neither Apollo nor Apollon is mentioned on p. 156. As to Zeuks, he does not appear in Lempriere, so I assume he is a fictitious character, and the author is therefore entitled to spell the name as he pleases.

Miss Scrutton now states that such "roughness" of spelling disturbed her appreciation of "Mr. Powys's exceedingly detailed, careful, sensitive style," but she did *not*, as she says, say that in her review. Her admission that her point in criticising the Greek spelling "is a thoroughly minor one" consorts oddly with her lament that novel reviewers are not allowed more space; if she was allowed only two paragraphs for discussion of such a major work as *Atlantis*, why waste valuable space on a minor point?

Georgeham, N. Devon. MALCOLM ELWIN

UNDER MILK WOOD

SIR,—Mr. John Levitt's assessment of *Under Milk Wood* is so twisted that it is no surprise to read that he is mystified by its enormous reputation. It depends, as Mr. Levitt points out, how a work strikes you. For him *Under Milk Wood* is a bad play because several of its characters think from time to time of occasions which he (not the characters) chooses to describe clinically as sexual encounters. For other readers or listeners, these encounters take their place in a narrative so fresh and so lovely that they cause no more than a ripple of excitement across its surface.

From Mr. Levitt's letter you would not imagine that whole pages are given to evoking an enchanted picture of lane and harbour, wood and farm, cottage and sweetshop. Or that such important and chaste characters exist as Mr. Organ Morgan, who loves Bach and Palestrina, Lord Cut-Glass, who loves clocks, and the Rev. Eli Jenkins, who, like Dylan Thomas, loves mankind. The Rev. Jenkins is one of the truest characters in the play, and the gentle, touching, inadequate stanzas which are given to him to murmur at morning and evening show to what a fine degree Dylan Thomas could modulate his poetic genius. Mr. Levitt looks down on this human and deeply understanding play from the same ascetic height at which he champions the early poems, while

everyone else agrees that the later ones are more intelligible and more wise. Doubtless there lives on some parallel height in Llaregyb a wan and joyless intellectual hugging his Eliot to his chest and shuddering on hearing the names of Boccaccio, Sterne and Maupassant. But he would have made poor company for Dylan Thomas, and dull material for this play.

Under Milk Wood sings imaginatively and riotously with life from its first word: that is the simple reason for its success. And Mr. Levitt need not puzzle over its morality. It is contained in two lines given to the Rev. Jenkins:

We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood

In other words, Shakespeare's tag about good and evil being mingled in our natures. But perhaps Mr. Levitt deplores Shakespeare because he lets Othello look forward to his wedding night with Desdemona?

DONALD HATWELL

T. F. POWYS AND DYLAN THOMAS

SIR,—I feel it would be unjust to the integrity of a great writer, to let pass without a protest Mr. Ackroyd's view of T. F. Powys as one who "hated his fellow creatures and was obsessed with man's total depravity." A judgment like that cannot but rise either out of careless reading or from unwillingness to have one's comfortable moral values disturbed.

It is true that T. F. Powys kept aloof from "Western" modernity; it is true that he found much that was vicious, ugly, and mean in the countryside where he chose to live. It is even true that his work sometimes seems to over-stress the traits in us which we do not normally care to bring into the full light. But Mr. Ackroyd could not miss the target more completely than he does. Powys's vision of life springs essentially from compassion, from caring. And here I ought to say, since it is through Mr. Walter Allen's writing about Dylan Thomas that this discussion has arisen, that I am not, alas, among those who find "love of man" and "praise of God" in that poet's "spate of words." But it is not for me to talk about that poetry here, and I would only suggest that the humanity of T. F. Powys is different from that of Dylan Thomas in the way that the tragedies of Shakespeare are different from the personal outpourings of Shelley or Swinburne. I think it is some measure of the distance we have travelled from a morality based upon felt and not professed sympathy, that the writing in which that humanity is embodied—(admittedly it varies in quality: there is only one *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*, though many superb shorter things)—is being in various quarters decried and misunderstood.

Cheltenham. H. COOMBES

PERSONAL OPINION

SIR,—I should hardly have thought it necessary to have to inform Mr. Fox Pitt or any other readers that the articles I write for your paper are written in a personal capacity, as a student of the African continent, and neither commit nor involve anyone but myself.

Officers of the Labour Party have the same rights of private citizenship as people in any other employment, and it is well-known that my journalistic activities began many years before I had any official position with the Party. JOHN HATCH

MUIRHEAD SOCIETY

SIR,—Readers in the Midlands may be interested to hear of the Muirhead Society, recently founded in Birmingham to provide opportunities for philosophical discussion similar to those provided in London by the Aristotelian Society and the Royal Institute of Philosophy. Distinguished philosophers will be invited to Birmingham to open discussions.

Enquiries and applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. R. Sawers, Lye Green Cottage, Claverdon, Warwickshire.

The University, Birmingham. BERNARD MAYO

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Books in General

IT is hard to know who is the worse kind of bore: the man who has only the correct information and exudes it; or the gambling, smoky kind of talker who goes in for nothing short of universal knowledge and puffs it out half-wrong. It is easy to know that most of us belong to the second class. We like to dilate; we do not know. The volume called *Ideas**, in the handsome series of expensive digests which are being edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith, aims at reforming us. It runs alphabetically through a number of ideas, living, dying, dead or fossilised, beginning with the Absolute and ending with Yoga, and distracts the too earnest reader with a generous collection of fine or ingenious coloured plates and drawings. So, to set by a discussion of the ivory tower, there is an exquisite Chinese print, *The Philosopher*; Giorgione illustrates the Golden Age; Gustave Doré draws Mrs. Grundy; Schopenhauer faces Kropotkin; Sentimentality has two pictures of the Pets' Cemetery in Los Angeles; and there are sharp, disturbing photographs of contemporary beastliness. The instructive spirit of the encyclopædia does not weigh heavily on this book, nor the strained levity of knowledge made easy. It is a collection of informed and spirited conversations for the educated reader, reminding him of things he thought he knew better and had forgotten, and things he had not forgotten because he never knew them. Were we quite right about Art-for-Art's-sake, æstheticism and the pathetic fallacy? Did we realise the word "highbrow" started in America in the Nineties and was brought into English usage by H. G. Wells in 1908? Are we sound on the social contract, capitalism, *laissez-faire*, the underdog and Social Credit? Have we been talking loosely about the Noble Savage or the Virgin Birth? Are we stronger on materialism than on Divine Grace? Can we trace the history of ideas like *hubris*, *nemesis*, the Philistine and spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child? What is anarchism, what is, or was, the Chain of Being? Are we abusing phrases and words like "inferiority complex" or "repression"? (We most certainly are.) Into what wilderness do we go rambling when we discuss Sentimentality or Taste? The list is long, the range is wide. If one occasionally misses a likely subject, that is no criticism; but it is odd to find Fundamentalism in and Evolution out. Christian theology is done pretty thoroughly; science rather scrappily. There are a few inadequate articles—the ones on Existentialism, Logical Positivism did not enlighten me—but the general standard is high without being exhausting. The article on Existentialism has a final sentence, which reads like a dig at the whole book:

> Reading Kierkegaard is frequently a pleasurable activity, and a certain amount of it will no doubt become *de rigueur* towards the end of 1955 when his centenary falls due.

The authors generally take the middling view in politics; when the State is too strong there is a lot to be said for Anarchism; when Anarchy appears there is a lot to be said for strengthening the State. A crucial contemporary subject like Freedom is handled with more decisiveness. Society has a just political claim on us, but we are not part of society "to the whole extent of our being." The force of this is clear if the grammar is not:

> As a person endowed with a spiritual life and called to a destiny outside time, society has no claim on man. The problem of freedom which faces the modern world is not the choice between man or the State, or between Individualism and Collectivism. The tension between these opposites is as healthy as it is necessary. The real problem of freedom is the preservation of spheres where man can fully be a person, and is not forced to be a slave.

That is easily said; but there was surely more than tension between Dr. Oppenheimer and the State; there was a requirement that he should not have an individual judgment that would not be the collective judgment at some conjectural time in the future. We are asked to believe there is only freedom to be "right."

On the religious subjects the essays are noticeably precise and *croyant*; though in the article on dialectical materialism we shall hear that the convert to Communism finds himself "in a mental climate as insulated as that of the Freudians or the Catholics." Religion is best discussed in implication, by the agnostics.

Underlying most of the serious commentary of the book is the idea of "the golden mean," whose history is itself discussed; but it is a surprise to find this doctrine described as "quite in accordance with modern ways of thinking," and that it is very desirable in an age when moral standards are in doubt. Very likely; but one sees few signs of the accord. One sees more signs of Anarchy and Egotism. There are a good many caustic articles such as those on Sentimentality, Romantic Love and Fair Play. On Fair Play a writer says:

> The ancient world seems to have had no conception of "fair play" at all. Samson attempted to defray the expenses of his wedding by betting his guests that they could not solve a riddle. Rashly they agreed to the bet before they knew what the riddle was; and when they found it was indeed incomprehensible, they threatened to burn down the bride's house unless she wormed the secret out of her husband and passed it on to them—when she did this, and they were able to tell Samson the answer, he protested that they could only have found out the answer by cheating—thus admitting that the riddle had been outrageously unfair in the first place.

This seems to me exactly the spirit of our time. The odd thing is that Sport is not mentioned throughout this article except to say that the term suggests that "what is at stake is a game." We have only to look at the term "fair shares" and the historical economic idea of the "fair price," to see that the theory is something more than funny. What the writer is really discussing is the relativity of conventions, for he points out that, at one time, it was perfectly "fair" for gentlemen in England to beat up "cads" in England, as long as they boxed; because it was unlikely that the "cads" would know the rules of boxing.

Sentimentality is defined as sentiment projected to the point of embarrassment, or feeling expressed in a facile or affected way. It is "the heart in fluttering palpitation." One could add, simply, that it is an excess of true sentiment and that the excess comes not from feeling, but from the addition of an exaggerated idea. We are right to be moved by the death of a donkey or of Little Nell; we exaggerate the emotion by removing it from its true psychological proportion, by adding the element of excessive dramatic idea. Sentimentality is an aberration of the mind not of the heart, and is indeed an indication of poverty of feeling. This essay is good on the genesis of sentimentality in the 18th century and it is a shrewd point that critics nowadays look at the realism of Richardson and Fielding, and not at the sentiment; but the emergence of sentimentality in its Victorian and modern forms is what one wants to see discussed. One can see the conflict between sentiment and sentimentality in the work of Thomas Hood. Hood's puns are symptoms of nervous breakdown. After him sentiment is debased in English literature and has never recovered its perfectly reputable status. Why should some feelings not be mild and affectionate? Sentimentality has, on the other hand, climbed into the highest places. The psychological ideas of D. H. Lawrence, and *not* his feelings, produce notorious sentimentalities. From its modest beginnings and merely fanciful beginnings among a few affected persons in the eighteenth century, sentimentality has grown into the chief and most malleable mass feeling. The writer correctly notes the enormous use of sentimentality in patriotic and war propaganda. I wish he had inquired into the reasons for this. Is it because we are more easily influenced by the theatrical? Is it because, since the upheaval of the industrial revolution, we have become so uprooted and so insecure that only exaggerations make us feel temporarily secure? If we turn to the essay on Propaganda we shall find an account of Sorel's proposal that out of the Irrational must be created the Myth. The people must feel falsely about something and feeling falsely must be provided with something to hate. Returning to Sentimentality: we can suspect that the scene of the death of Little Nell was popular in the nineteenth century because the Victorians felt guilty about infantile mortality and disliked their swarms of children; or that Kipling's patriotic sentimentalities about England were popular because so many millions found life very disagreeable here.

The information of *Ideas* is wittily and succinctly expressed. The essays on Romantic, Platonic and Courtly love are models of ironically pointed instruction. Curious facts are plentiful. It is interesting to know that Mrs. Grundy first appears in a play as an early example of the Joneses we have to keep up with; and only gradually did it emerge that the Joneses will elect themselves our censors because we never do quite keep up with them. I did not know that the theory of the longevity of vegetarians goes back to antiquity; that genius occurred chiefly among the oldest and youngest children of oldish parents, where the children are mostly of one sex; or that the idea of loyalty took shape in the fifteenth century. I was glad to read an eloquent defence of the "pathetic fallacy" and confess

* *Ideas. Things.* Edited by GEOFFREY GRIGSON and CHARLES HARVARD GIBBS-SMITH. *Grosvenor Press.* 42*s. each vol.*

that it rescued me from an opinion I had remained fixed in since I read Ruskin's attack on it when I was a child. One of the advantages of good conversation, which is what this volume really is, is that in a few pleasant pointed words it can rescue us from the fixations of other good conversations heard too long ago. On the other hand, I shall stick to my opinion, despite the author, that the theme of *Don Quixote* is not the triumph of the imagination, but its tragedy; and I would not describe Montesino's cave as "a pothole." Again Don Juan was never Mañara. Mañara, having seen a performance of *Don Juan*, decided to imitate him. This essay concentrates narrowly on the Don Juans of literature and the theory of the quest for an ideal. That is a northern notion, for the quest was insolent. And it leaves out inquiry into the curious joining of the Don Juan legend with the funereal legends of All Souls' Night. *El Burlador de Sevilla* is not the "seducer" of Seville, but something rather different; the Mohock, perhaps; the *blagueur*, the scoffer, the tricker, the mocker of that society.

To *Ideas* there is a companion volume called *Things*†. Once more, where the encyclopædia summarises the text-book and depends on being up to date, this volume is more in the nature of an entertaining museum of curiosities. The article on explosives contains an account of the first explosive, but not of the hydrogen bomb; and there is more about the original microscopes than about contemporary electronic variety. The kind of question answered is, "When did we first use—false teeth, fountain pens, water-closets, lawn mowers, safety pins, kites?" There is a good deal of material about pre-history, e.g., articles on hill forts, barrows, henges, cave-paintings, which is now fashionable. Like *Ideas* this is a well-written book and its illustrations are original and delightful. Both volumes take the frown from the face of the encyclopædia, and are sound presents for well-off people to give.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE FALL OF KNOSSOS

The honeyvases cracked, the green oil spilled
From shelves of granite, weeping Minos mad
And people fled, his forest palace felled
By earthquake, and the king's bull lying dead.

Dust fills the skulls, the blue sarcophagus
By Daedalus fades, the queue of temple girls
Will never slay their calves, while Icarus
Drowns wanderers daily in his hungry curls.

Sailors have gone to ships, while the goatherds
Have forged bells from the bronze, and follow waves
Islandwards echoing, like the exile's words
Who'll never sip the royal cup he craves.

The lemon fields lie below olive storm
Smoking with rain, the smell of a child's hair.
Late orange pickers come. In the grove blossom
Strikes from the harvest boughs that the trees bear.
When garden kingdoms die, the dead leaves grow
Children with knives. The dying of a city
Is blossomless. But as poor peasants go
Through fields of ruins, birds may nest for pity.

RICHARD MURPHY

THE POLICEMAN OF EUROPE

Tsar Nicholas I. By CONSTANTIN DE GRUNWALD. Translated by BRIGIT PATMORE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

A Diary of the Crimea. By GEORGE PALMER EVELYN. Edited by CYRIL FALLS. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Roger Fenton: Photographer of the Crimean War. With an Essay on his Life and Work by HELMUT and ALISON GERNSHEIM. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

The Russian expatriate who writes under the name of Constantin de Grunwald has become something of a specialist in political figures of nineteenth-century Europe. Stein, Metternich, Bismarck—each has received an effective, compact biography, well written, sensible in judgment, and buttressed with some original research. His new life of Nicholas I has the same virtues. The author understands old Russia, its merits as well as its defects; he has drawn on the Austrian archives and on Russian sources virtually unknown in the West. His book will give the English reader new information and new illumination, though not much excitement. It would have been improved by more illustrations. The Tsar who built most of St. Petersburg deserves to have at least a picture of the Winter Palace in his biography. And the scholar would like to know the date of original publication in French—the book must have been written some years ago, perhaps even at the beginning of the war.

In Western eyes Nicholas I appears simply as a tyrant—the ruler who destroyed Polish freedom in 1831, reconquered Hungary for the Habsburgs in 1849, and finally by his aggression provoked the Crimean war. At home he defeated the liberal rising of the Decembrists; abandoned the idealism of his brother Alexander I; and turned Russia into a drab military despotism. He was the most rigid of autocrats—a conventional, second-rate intellect, thinking that discipline was the answer to every problem, and surrounding himself with equally uninspired advisers. All this is true; yet Nicholas I was a more interesting character than is sometimes made out. He knew the defects of old Russia and tried to remedy them. His attempts to end serfdom broke on the resistance of the nobility. He was a genuine patron of the arts and even of subversive writers. The revolutionaries whom he imprisoned were never out of his mind. He held long discussions with them, partly in the hope of converting them, more to understand their ideas; and at the height of his coronation service, whispered emotionally to the minister of police: "remove their chains." He was the last of the god-kings, at any rate in Europe; quelling a riot unaided by troops by his own mystical personality. He pushed through the crowd, saying, "Go home, my children"; and they kissed the hem of his garment. Defeat in the Crimean war drove him to illness and death, a true sacrificial victim.

No doubt much has been changed in a century even in Russia. Yet there was something of eternal Russia in the contradictions of Nicholas I. The Polish prince Lubomirski said that he was "brutal and chivalrous, just yet tyrannical, generous and cruel, fond of ostentation and liking simplicity." He had none of Peter the Great's genius nor of his brother Alexander's humanity. He was a man of very ordinary abilities in a position of absolute power, and making a mess of it. Those who like historical parallels will find it hard to keep from exclaiming: "How like Stalin!" Both were despots who could have emerged only in Russia. Yet the one was a Georgian, the other mainly of German stock. Perhaps Russians need a stiffening of foreign power to overcome the anarchy which is their most endearing quality.

The militarist reign of Nicholas I ended in the defeats of the Crimean war—a just penalty, his biographer implies, for deserting pacific conservatism and embarking on a crusade. Certainly the Crimean war was a crusade in Nicholas's eyes, though not to most Russians; and he began the mythical Russian concern for the Balkan peoples. There is a very different version of the Crimean war in the travel jottings of G. P. Evelyn, which have just seen the light. Evelyn, a young retired officer, went to the eastern war from pure curiosity (much as Lord John Russell toured Spain at the height of the Peninsular War); he saw fighting without experiencing it and forced himself into the Turkish army only enough to qualify for some military pay. Nothing could be more frivolous and more in character than this arrogant young Englishman, drifting round the theatre of war and expecting that battle-pieces should be laid on for his amusement. His expectations were usually fulfilled. His diary is no great shakes as a contribution to history, and not much even as a personal record. But it does something to recapture the atmosphere of that odd, gentlemanly war.

The photographs of Roger Fenton, however, do a great deal more. Fenton was one of the pioneers of photography, ranking with Fox Talbot and Julia Margaret Cameron among the greatest photographers of the nineteenth century. He went out to the Crimea with the backing of an enterprising publisher, and produced the most striking war-photographs. His great set-pieces, such as "The Council of War" or "A Quiet Day at the Mortar Battery" are well known; his less deliberate effects are even more telling. The new book on him would be a treasure merely as an album of photographs. But it is much more. It has a valuable introduction on Fenton's work as a photographer and the part he played in developing the art. This is followed by his letters from the Crimea, which have never been published before. Fenton was an acute observer and an entertaining writer with an eye for the dramatic. His letters are a contribution of first-rate interest to the Crimean atmosphere, as well as being most enjoyable to read. Of course Fenton thought photography more important than fighting; and no doubt it is.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

DESIGNS FOR LIVING

Social Structure and Personality in a City. Edited by O. A. OESER and S. B. HAMMOND. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

Social Structure and Personality in a Rural Community. Edited by O. A. OESER and F. E. EMERY. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

One of Unesco's most interesting projects has been the series of inquiries into the social and psychological factors which create barriers of understanding between nations, exacerbating those differences which arise from political, economic or ideological differences. Among these investigations, forming a separate entity known as the Community Studies, was a series of researches carried out in both rural and urban areas of France, Sweden, India and Australia. The idea behind this particular project was that large-scale issues, the nation-wide growth of racial prejudice, for example, could not properly be understood unless the process were seen in miniature; unless an attempt were made to establish whether there were any connection between the development of attitudes towards strangers, newcomers, relatives, and so on, within the village or town, and the more general attitudes which could be determined by a Gallup Poll or similar means.

Research teams, for the most part composed of sociologists or anthropologists, and psychologists, were collected from the various countries concerned, and brought together in Paris for several weeks so that questions of method could be discussed, and some community of technique devised which would make the results comparable. I was privileged to take part in these discussions and to meet the extremely able and experienced researchers; but it seems that co-operative research of this type is likely to suffer from the very

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difficulties it aims to clarify. It takes more than a common knowledge of psychological theory to enable an Indian and an Australian, for example, to fit their concepts about human nature into the same frame of reference—the ethoses of two different civilisations are not easily merged. But this merely pushes back the problem one stage further, and perhaps the basic purpose of the inquiry was well served by showing that the same issue could be validly dealt with in several different ways—the French genius for the sensitive historical approach, the tough empiricism of the Australians, the Swedish adaptation of the American statistical approach, the idealism of the Indians.

The two Australian studies here considered are the only reports to have been published in this country. Taken together they form the most significant contribution to the theory and methodology of social psychology to have been made for many years. Professor Oeser and his two principal collaborators, Dr. Hammond and Dr. Emery, have developed a deceptively simple and lucid method of analysing and assessing the play of different influences upon individual development.

Instead of delving into the popular imponderables of the psycho-analytic interpretation of national character and group behaviour, they ask a series of straightforward questions about, for instance, the division of labour in the home: who decides how much wood should be cut; who cuts it; who brings it in. The answers give a fascinating insight into the degrees of husband or wife autocracy or democracy, while a further range of questions reveals that these different forms of family structure are related to the social status of the father. The home of the unskilled worker tends to be father-dominated, that of the skilled worker democratic, that of the professional man largely *laissez-faire* and unstructured as regards the zones of authority.

The acuteness of the questions and the ingenuity with which the answers are manipulated and correlated gives an amazingly coherent and convincing account of the growth of Australian character. This lends great force to those sections in which the actual tensions, the hostilities and prejudices, are discussed; but the value of these books lies less in the light they throw upon possible sources of international stress than in their development of a new means of describing social behaviour in relation to personality organisation.

This field of study is so complex and, despite all efforts at objectivity, so laden with emotional preconception, that the term "social science" is seldom justified except when the strained effort at detachment produces complete sterility.

But these two volumes, apart from their great scientific contribution, will be of interest to anyone wishing to know about Australian life, and indeed about the underlying patterns of life anywhere, provided he is prepared for a taut presentation in which statistical tables—though straightforward ones—replace purple passages.

ADAM CURLE

PHANTOMS AND OBJECTS

Poems by Ivor Gurney. Edited, with a memoir, by EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Poems. By DIANA WITHERBY. *Verschoyle.* 6*s.*

Counterparts. By ROY FULLER. *Verschoyle.* 6*s.*

Unlucky Jonah. By PHILIP OAKES. *University of Reading.* 5*s.*

The familiar pattern of development for poets of the First World War went something like this. Before the war they would start off as what we today vaguely call "Georgians"—an unsatisfactory category, which takes in poets as good as Edward Thomas and W. H. Davies and poets who have worn as badly as, for instance, the late Edward Shanks. The war would shake them (though they would have an excellent war record), and they would write bitter poems about it, like those of Owen and Mr. Graves and Mr. Sassoon. Then for about ten years of bad nerves the war would remain with them like a ghost, to be confronted in such works as *Good-Bye to All That*, *Undertones of War*, or *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. Wounded and then gassed, in a mental hospital in 1918, and then in mental hospitals again from 1922 till his death in 1937, Ivor Gurney was a soldier who never stopped being haunted. He retained sufficient control of one element of his personality to make a considerable reputation as a composer of songs, but the poems, or outlines and ruins of poems, which Mr. Edmund Blunden has selected from his large hospital output, reflect the condition of a broken creative mind. The thread is constantly being lost, and the tone becomes rant or stammer. Yet, fragmentary as they are, these "poetical sketches" have an extraordinary intermittent power of evocation. Here is the trench world as we knew it in our childhoods, from the talk of our fathers, from writers as good as Mr. Graves or as bad as Sapper: a horrid and gripping legend that overhung our youths. There are images that tell; the taste of chlorinated water, the irrational comfort of a gasper, the officer with "the politest voice—a finicking accent" asking the private on his belly in the dark: "Do you think you might crawl through, there; there's a hole."

Gurney shares, with Miss Diana Witherby, one quality only, a quality rare in contemporary poetry, a loving feeling for natural objects, their texture, touch, consistency. Miss Witherby is saying in the following lines, "How much town children miss!" but her extraordinary precision gives the patchy earth and the blistered paint of a shabby town park its own beauty:

> Others, with parks for natural earth, must pass
> Through corky patches in the dried up grass,
> Where bark like wrinkled fruit-stone, grips the dust,
> And blistered chairs are furred by ginger rust . . .

Miss Witherby is a naturally sad but never soppy poet. She is better on objects than on people, on moods projected into objects than with emotions expressed directly, but she can use her Grigsonish visual alertness to bring out the essence of a human situation, as in the fine, ironical *The Moment on the Honeymoon*. The honeymoon takes place in a seaside house where the bride, as a child, had often spent her holidays:

> . . . on the table cloth
> Of baize the shell which she had lifted to her ear,
> A child, and by the shell *his meaty hand* . . .

The husband, poor beefy creature, makes several obtuse remarks, but in the end is caught up in the poem's ironic sympathy. The wife feels "the terrible maternal pity" which makes so many women remain, throughout their lives, the protective angels of oafs:

> Even then
> She felt it when, like a silly lion, he *followed his moustache*
> As if the rain would fade because he paced
> Instead of sitting.

The italicised phrases suggest, I think, how the choice of an apt image could often take the place of that abstract analysis of a situation of which young poets today are perhaps growing too fond: it is the novelist's technique, condensed. Miss Witherby is an adult poet who knows her scope.

Mr. Fuller is a tidy, alert, observant poet like Miss Witherby, but not so loving. Nature comes in for him, wryly relished, as the trees in the park, the laburnums in the suburban garden. It is an Audenish nature, purged of the pathetic fallacy—and dying, to adapt Coleridge, in our deaths, rather than living in our lives—and a handy, sometimes too handy, alien emblem of the human situation:

> Leaves stream from dying trees like yellow birds,
> *And the nations' situation degenerates . . .*
> . . . nature lying in wait
> For weakness like an animal or germ,
> *And aircraft growling in the summer air.*

His basic theme is the Marxist one—and this I suppose was Marx's profoundest insight, the one that liberals and Christians must also grapple with—of human alienation. On the one hand there is the humanist ideal:

> Moonlight, dark vegetation, ageing glands—
> These centuries-recurring aids to thought—
> Bring up the never far-away idea
> Of humans shining virtuous as they ought . . .

On the other hand, there is outer London:

> Over the viaducts a sign spells out
> PEARCE DUFF'S CUSTARD in red neon letters;
> And I am glad to see this evidence
> Of civilization's still enduring fetters . . .

Loving humanity, and almost retching with disgust at the ways and works of his actual fellow-men, Mr. Fuller sometimes allows his disgust to become itself disgusting:

> But the age itself assaults the traveller
> Like the pervasive odour of a fart . . .

At his best, he transcends disgust in a kind of horrified good-will. Contemporary man is like

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the spider which he shook out of his bath gingerly into the laburnums, rather than drown it or squash it:

> A half-loved creature, motionless and bloated.

He comes nearest to expressing positive enthusiasm when he writes about great tortured creators like Ibsen and Gide. This is an accomplished and depressing book; but this, also, is the poet as *honnête homme*.

There has been a tendency lately—partly due to the laziness of reviewers like myself, partly due to the traditional impulse of young poets to gang up together—to talk about a "new movement" or a "new school" of Fantasy Press-Reading University poets. Mr. Oakes is not a "university wit," a "neo-Empsonian," or a "neo-analytic" poet. He resembles Mr. Wain and Mr. Amis, for instance, only in being a sober craftsman, more interested in the shape of the poem as a whole than in the brilliant isolated image or individual line. Here is an example of how well he shapes a stanza:

> Rising then on broad fins, the fish
> Engulfed the harmless metal shank,
> The float submerged, its scarlet cap
> Panicking the perfect nap
> Of the pond
> And hastily the angler cut the line
> To save himself from being drowned.

(It was a fish that "swam through all his dreams.") Readers should not be discouraged from exploring Mr. Oakes's subtleties by the careful muting of his verse surfaces.

G. S. FRASER

THE DEDICATED LAIRD

Walter Scott. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Novelists are said to find good people much harder to bring sympathetically to life than bad. Does something of the sort hold true in the field of biography? The chronicles of exemplary living are often dull and even depressing to read. Dr. Johnson, who certainly believed that biographers should strive to edify, was glad to record that Addison drank too freely; this weakness, he believed, would cheer us up a little as we contemplated the paragon. Much modern biography has been all for cheering us up in this way. And although the motives prompting it may not themselves have been invariably praiseworthy and beautiful, the effect has been on the whole salutary. The humbugs have been exposed, the merely estimable discounted, the stage cleared for the exhibition of that rare and true greatness enshrined in lives dedicated to high purposes and active good.

Scott is not an easy man to celebrate in this climate. He is undeniably estimable, and he can be represented as little more. His goodness of heart never fails, and his strong local piety, his simplicity, humour, hospitality compose a picture that is pervasively pleasing. He shows up well in adversity. Indeed, like his fellow-baronet Sir Charles Grandison, he is seen to be a gentleman moving uniformly well through a variety of trying situations. Yet he must be admitted to lack high seriousness—or at least to lack it where we are now accustomed to look for it.

If Scott dedicated himself to anything, it was to becoming a great laird and founding a family. As Mr. Pearson observes, he thought nothing of his fame as a writer compared with his place as the cadet of Harden and clansman of Buccleuch. It was something like this that infuriated Voltaire when he visited Congreve. And in such matters we are all, of course, Voltaire's children today. We are much more shocked by the spectacle of a man writing good novels in careless zest, yet avowedly for money, than we are by that of a man writing bad tragedies out of the highest promptings of literary vanity. Set Scott, moreover, in the world of Flaubert and James, and his proceedings can be seen as merely frivolous. Possessing a freak memory which gave him an exceptional command over everything he had ever heard or read, and having developed the trick of continuously blending this material with the day-dreams of a crippled child, he wrote fiction with remarkable facility. Yet, even so, he drove his pen so hard in the quest for more Tweedside acres that—as Mr. Pearson has to point out—he regularly produced a bad novel when he ought to have been taking a breathing-space after writing a good one. And so his books will not really pass. Or rather, they *have* passed. Peacock was right in judging them to be without sober substance—a sort of rival to pantomime at Drury Lane. As soon as prose fiction came to receive authentic artistic cultivation, Scott's romances were doomed to the limbo of the schoolroom and the holiday task.

Mr. Pearson is quite clear that nothing like this will do. Scott was not, in fact, an eighteenth-century gentleman, reasonably supporting the duties of his station, amiably entertaining his neighbours, spreading a just charity over the parish, and at the same time exercising a profitable flair for the press in stories full—as Mr. E. M. Forster would have it—of laborious mountains and scooped out glens and carefully ruined abbeys. He would be much better described as a phenomenal embodiment of almost divine energies. The only adequate exclamation before him is Dominie Sampson's. Scott is prodigious. Never ceasing to lead the active life of a Scottish proprietor, he yet achieves the most vigorous and abundant imaginative creation between Dryden and Dickens.

The vitality and sanity of Scott's personality, like the fecundity of his art, bear—indeed, require—exposition on a grand scale, and Mr. Pearson might have spoken more generously of Lockhart's seven volumes than as "a great literary quarry." It is true that "not a few of Lockhart's episodes are open to question" (Mr. Pearson on p. 118 accepts without comment one that has in fact required drastic qualification) and perhaps that "his personal dislikes render some of his judgments invalid." But Lockhart's great canvas comes down to us from what was, at least in these matters, a larger age. Mr. Pearson, with a real understanding of Scott, has achieved a deftly professional sketch for our own less spacious dwellings.

J. I. M. STEWART

NEW NOVELS

The Two Towers. By J. R. R. TOLKIEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

The Healing Oath. By ANDRÉ SOUEIRAN. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fortunes of Bécot. By LOUIS CODET. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Veterans. By ERIC LAMBERT. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Earthly Creatures. By CHARLES JACKSON. *Peter Nevill.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

First, let me get Professor Tolkien out of my delusional system. *The Two Towers* is the second volume of his mammoth fairy tale, or, as some call it, heroic romance, *The Lord of The Rings*. It will do quite nicely as an allegorical adventure story for very leisured boys, but as anything else I am convinced it has been wildly overpraised and it is all I can do to restrain myself from shouting: Conspiracy! and slouching through the streets with a sandwichman's board inscribed in jagged paranoid scrawl in violet ink: "Adults of all ages! Unite against the infantilist invasion."

It has been compared by Richard Hughes to Spenser's *Faerie Queen;* by Naomi Mitchison to Malory; by C. S. Lewis to Ariosto. I can see why these three should have soft spots for its Norse and Celtic and mystical trappings. Mr. Auden has also gone into raptures over it. This, too, is not unexpected, because he has always been captivated by the pubescent worlds of the saga and the classroom. There are passages in *The Orators* which are not unlike bits of Tolkien's hobbitry.

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Of course one must be fair. It is not Professor Tolkien's fault if he has been overpraised. Also, coming in half-way, it is difficult to judge his story as a whole. Still, one third (200,000 words, about as long as *Anna Karenina*) should be a representative sample. My first impression is that it is all far too long and blown up. What began as a charming children's book has proliferated into an endless worm. My second that, although a great deal of imagination has been at work, it is imagination of low potential. The various creatures, hobbits, elves, dwarfs, orcs, ents (tree-wardens who seem at times to be almost walking vegetables) are nicely differentiated. Their ecology is described with scholarly detail and consistency. But not one of them has any real individuality; not one is a character. And though their dialogue is carefully varied, from colloquial-historical for men and wizards to prep school slang for hobbits and orcs, they all speak with the same flat, castrated voice.

I also find the story-telling (true, this is particularly difficult to judge in an isolated volume, and I should warn new readers who are going to begin here that they will find the synopsis barely adequate) confusing. Interest is diffused between too many characters and groups. In this volume the hobbits, Pippin and Merry, steal too much of the picture from the chief hobbit, Frodo, the original possessor of the Ring which all the fuss is about.

Naturally there are points in favour. The battle scenes are well done; the atmosphere of doom and danger and perilous night-riding often effective. The traditional mystical confusion attaching to a quest, and a struggle between good and evil (cf. Emerson's "They reckon ill who leave me out. When me they fly I am the wings") is neatly worked into the plot. And the allegorical aspect rouses interesting peculations. How much relation is there between the world—ruined, note—of the story and our own past, present and future? To what extent, if any, does the Ring tie up with the atomic nucleus, as well as symbolising whatever rings do symbolise? Are the orcs at all equated with materialist scientists? Nevertheless, the fantasy remains in my opinion thin and pale. And the writing is not at all fresh. Here is a sample—one of the rare descriptions of a female person in a story most of whose characters appear to be sexless:

> . . . Grave and thoughtful was her glance, as she looked on the king with cool pity in her eyes. Very fair was her face, and her long hair was like a river of gold. Slender and tall she was in her white robe girt with silver; but strong she seemed and stern as steel, a daughter of kings. Thus Aragorn for the first time in the full light of day beheld Éowyn, lady of Rohan, and thought her fair, fair and cold, like a morning of pale spring that is not yet come to womanhood. . . .

Observe the strange effect of pre-Renaissance literature on a distinguished scholar's style; this might almost be Michael Arlen.

Back into the adult world, with our two French novels which, though both safe recommendations, could hardly be more unlike. *The Healing Oath* is the second instalment of Dr. Soubiran's young medical student's adventures, which are like a sort of French *Citadel*, only more naturalistic, more Zolaesque, less magaziney. Partly to escape the demands of an exacting mistress, Jean Nérac goes as locum to a country practice in the wilds of the Auvergne where the peasants are nearly if not quite as "dark" as Russians. A woman with pneumonia gets out of bed to go to the well simply because it is unthinkable that her husband should do this particular chore. A child dies of tetanus because its grandparents insist on calling in the local healer first. It is winter most of the time and here you have the French countryside with its smiling lips curled back to show the fangs. There are the usual horrific throes and haemorrhages which you get in all medical reportage but I cannot remember any more vividly done. Nérac, who tells the story, is full of self-confidence; the minor characters are quite lively. The saintly old pet of a G.P., whom Nérac has come to relieve, is perhaps rather too saintly but this is essentially a didactic novel and none the worse for that.

Louis Codet, great grand-nephew of Voltaire, friend of Marie Laurencin, born in 1876 and killed in 1914, was an amiable, frivolous, butterfly of a writer whose stories, when they first came out, were skimmed by Edwardian society ladies in their boudoirs. *The Fortunes of Bécot* set in Codet's native town of Perpignan, and redolent of its period, *circa* 1909, is a light, amusing, mildly erotic caper about the affairs of a young Adonis named Bécot Tixador. He is embarrassed by debt and by local gossip which credits him with his beloved Mme Borelli, grass widow and star of the local tennis club, as mistress. In fact most of the time she hands him off severely and he has to console himself with a local singer. You feel the social observation is exact. The story collapses before the end but it leaves a pleasant shimmer in the air as of a cloud of fritillaries. Various affinities suggest themselves, including Colette and, if you can imagine him turned into a French heterosexual, Saki.

Mr. Lambert, an Australian, wrote a good if rather rugged novel about the fighting in North Africa. In *The Veterans* he follows his pet characters of the 9th Division home to Sydney, where they are appalled by the omnipresence of Americans and black marketeering, and then into a nasty spell of jungle warfare in New Guinea. The hero, Bill Farr, who tells the story, is almost the only one of his chums to survive and return to his hefty big-bosomed sweetheart. There is some overwriting and melodrama in places but on the whole it reads like an honest job. The fighting is well done and the dialogue very good, nicely reproducing those odd, quirky, Australian turns of speech, and that peculiar theatrical emphasis which they put into every sentence.

Earthly Creatures is a book of stories by the author of *The Lost Weekend* who has yet to recover the form which produced that notable alcoholic *tour de force*. They are quite good stories, up to or near *New Yorker* standard; some of them remind me rather of the stories of John O'Hara. The best is about a rich petulant neurotic who develops an obsessional hatred for his nephew aged nine because the boy exemplifies his own escapist weaknesses. The longest is about a middle-aged writer visiting an air base in the West Indies and getting mildly involved in the lives of the dashing pilots; it falls apart when he makes a too half-hearted attempt to make love to one of their culture-struck little wives.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

ALTERNATIVE TO COMICS

The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag. By JIM CORBETT. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Sea Pup. By ARCHIE BINNS. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Oworo. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Goat Boy. By AUGUSTA WALKER. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

An Otter's Story. By EMIL E. LIERS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Living Animals. By HILARY STEBBING. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

Two Little Bears. By YLLA. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Anytime Stories. By DONALD BISSET. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Suzanne goes to Brittany and **Suzanne goes to Market.** By MATCHETT AND FLETCHER. *Harrap.* 6*s.* 6*d. each.*

What are the kids after with these heaps of ugly pictures and ill-written, trashy stories? They want excitement, vicarious danger, the terrible conquest of something, identification with some hero, the feeling of importance and otherness. Grown-ups and children used to get that out of the told fairy tales. They don't get it out of gentle books, suitable for nice families. So, if we take away the horror comics, we must substitute something which will liberate the same feelings without also giving them the hateful content of comics

—the cruelty, sexual sadism, racialism, patterns of crime and torture, and the idea that violence in itself is a solution. Let us see how this batch of books stands the test.

It seems to me that any intelligent over-twelve can get all the violence, danger and heroism that he needs out of *The Man-Eating Leopard of Rudraprayag*. It is an adult book in the sense that terror and danger are not diminished but very clearly stated. The actual writing is simple, a straightforward story full of the kind of detail that makes it solidly memorable, by a man who might be everybody's favourite uncle. In this tale of the chase and ultimate destruction of a man-eating leopard in India, there are horrifying bits: the poisoning of the leopard's dead victim in preparation for his return would make the filthiest kind of "comic" picture, but here it is told with an underlying compassion which, throughout, gives the book a very real nobility. The illustrations are good. Of course, it demands a certain ability for continuous reading, but any genuine alternative to comics does that.

Sea Pup is a very different book, but it too has excitement, danger and active compassion. It is about an American boy called Clint who is as far removed from the world of comics as though he'd been born in—Moscow. He's a very real boy with a convincing passion for natural history, who rescues a baby seal and brings him up, in spite of certain understandable difficulties with parents and neighbours. The author seems to have a thorough and fascinating knowledge of his subject. He is never sentimental, and he shows a side of American life, adventurous, wild, intelligent and friendly, which we are as well to be reminded of: highly recommended.

René Guillot has already written a couple of memorable books about African animals. This one is about the chimpanzee which seeks the source of human laughter. Again, the detail of *Otworo* is fascinating; one gets into a new world. And, although the animals talk and tell stories, there is a chimpanzeeishness about it all which is the result of sympathy and is bound to make the child reading it feel to some extent identified with the jungle and its creatures. The white hunter, too, is ringing animals, not shooting or selling them. Violence happens, as it does in real life, but it is not thought of as being the answer to anything or desirable in itself. Good pictures.

The Goat Boy is not strictly a children's book. But it is the kind of thing I would have loved when I was twelve or so. It is an oddly timeless story about a Chinese boy called Beng Gow from a poor village, who brings up two kid-goats in the courtyard of the schoolmaster in the town. A war comes: "something that swoops over like locusts or cholera or the ant-eater's long, red tongue." But one hopes that Beng Gow and the goats survive; one can't, of course, be sure, but with the world as it is, that is a wonderful possibility. In a way it is a sad book; the facts of Chinese poverty are not disguised, nor the casual cruelty that rises out of poverty. The kittens that die are buried under the tomato plants and it is only Beng Gow who does not like eating the tomatoes. The ants cannot get away from the ant-eater—which itself is an esteemed dish—and the elephant chained for a show is a grey rock of weariness. But all is accepted with compassion and a queer beauty grows out of it.

An Otter's Story is rather an ordinary natural history book about Canadian otters, who sound delightful animals, but are altogether too much anthropomorphised. Four-footed family life may make easy reading, but it is a long way from the facts of nature.

Hilary Stebbing has produced a large and attractive book of pictures and a text full of casual information, some relevant, some not. The difficulty is, I think, that if one wants to know about animals, it is better to take the first steps towards scientific method. A picture must not only be pleasant to look at but should give essential information with some degree of real accuracy, including some scale of measurement, which is absent here. *Two Little Bears* is the nicest book of Ylla's photographs yet, and that is a high compliment. The perfect book for grandmothers to give to small grandchildren.

Anytime Stories for four-year-olds sensibly uses the long words and spell-like phrases that children need. "When the stationmaster's daughter at Paddington washes the roof . . . " What a good beginning for a story! The pictures must have been fun to do, but I think the audience may feel they could do better themselves.

The "Suzanne" books are just the thing for someone who is learning French, but perhaps finding it rather dull. But it does mean doing a little work—not just reading the English text which faces the French one on each page and looking at the delightful pictures which really give the feeling of being in France. For anyone willing to do that it is a splendid way of enlarging one's domestic vocabulary: for instance, I've just learnt that a tabby is a *chat moucheté*.

NAOMI MITCHISON

GIFT BOOKS

We start off with four books of splendid photographs, for the rather rich. Martin Hürlimann's *Spain* (Thames & Hudson, 50s.) contains over 240 photographs of Spanish buildings, towns, villages and landscapes and is by far the best collection on the subject. He is especially successful in the details of sculpture and in façades such as are to be found in Salamanca and Valladolid. The historical introduction is done with seriousness and good sense and this collection makes a delightful break with stereotyped pictures of Spain which are served up to us in book after book.

Almost all the 182 pictures in *Greece in Photographs*—by Viollet, Zuber and Laroche—(Thames & Hudson, 50s.) are on the beaten track—but after all the track is only beaten by the fortunate few. It is the Greece of the Hellenic cruise, rather than of Osbert Lancaster—there is little Byzantine, no Mount Athos, no mountains, few people—caught in bright sun, with great variety in light and texture, and subtle exploitation of cloud and reflected light instead of the usual blinding white columns against black over-filtered skies.

There is a choice of photographs of Everest, both from Hodder & Stoughton at 42s.: the Swiss *Everest*, record of the 1952 expedition, has 144 plates in black and white and eight in colour; the British *Picture of Everest* has 48, but all in colour. This volume also gives the photographic details of each picture and it scores by being able to include the summit ridge But as far as reproduction goes it is altogether a less satisfactory job than the Swiss, where details are sharper and colour far more pleasing.

Ruined by giving one of these, donors might recoup with an *Ariel Poem* (Faber, 2s. each). The second quartet consists of an occasional piece by T. S. Eliot in the mood of *Animula*, entitled *The Cultivation of Christmas Trees*, and illustrated by David Jones; *Mountains*, praised and deposed in six stanzas by W. H. Auden (ill. Edward Bawden); *Christmas Eve*, a "look from the outside in at a room you know," by C. Day Lewis (ill. Edward Ardizzone); and Walter de la Mare's *The Winnowing Dream*—"I saw a Seraph, brighter than the East" (ill. Robin Jaques).

The word for Mr. Charles Addams's vilest creations seems to be other-wordly. "It was just one of those wild rumours," the explorers agree, returning to their jeep—and never noticing that they stand within the imprint of a monstrous foot. "I'm sorry, sonny, we've run out of candy," explains the housewife in the lighted doorway: *we* see that on the step is no little boy in space helmet, but the first of an advancing army of Things. Beside such awful visitants, the usual ghastly family at their sadistic pranks seem positively cosy, as they stir eye of newt into the porridge: well titled *Homebodies* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

The fourteenth *Saturday Book*, edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 25s.) gives out its usual aroma of *Vogue* smartness and values. There are liberal dollops of the "amusing" (painted chamber-pot and w.c., Charlie Chaplin and Diane

The horse's mouth

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de Poitiers in their baths), the modish (barley heads in a Delft vase), and the quaint (Venetian well-heads). There are short guides to wines and waistcoats, how to light a fire, keep goldfish, or make shell figures. More earnest tastes are met in articles on "Architecture behind the Iron Curtain" (Lady Kelly) and the Constables, "a family of painters."

The same editor's *Book of Delights* (Hulton Press, 18s. 6d.), comes as a sequel to his *Book of Beauty* published two years ago. Its handsome illustrations are designed to complement the theme of the text, which is simply that of enjoyment—the pleasure taken through our senses, that Keats found in drinking claret, the poet when he heard of "Chimborazo, Cotopaxi," Ruskin as he contemplated Venice.

Miles Hadfield explains that he compiled *The Gardener's Album* (Hulton Press, 21s.) for pleasure, not instruction: its tone is æsthetic and historical. Wilfrid Blunt contributes a note on *Victoria amazonica,* Alice Coats a biography of the Daffodil, Handasyde Buchanan a word on collecting old flower-books, and there are fifteen very good colour reproductions from *The Temple of Flora.*

Specialised tastes are served by the 1955 edition of *The Horseman's Year* (Collins, 15s.), *Best Hunting Stories* collected by John Welcome and Vincent Orchard (Faber, 15s.), and the Lonsdale Library's *Steeplechasing* by Lord Willoughby de Broke (Seeley, Service, 30s.); and H. A. Thurston's *Scotland's Dances* (Bell, 11s. 6d.), and *Mexico* and *Argentina* in the Max Parrish series of Dances of Latin America (4s. 6d. each). Perhaps Barbara Jones's admirably clear and sensible *English Furniture at a Glance* (Architectural Press, 8s. 6d.) will be mainly cherished by the non-specialist, whom it will usefully prime before visiting a museum or braving a sale: good drawings. Finally, J. B. Pick's 180 *Games for One Player* (Phœnix House, 10s. 6d.) is intended to bring relief alike to the lonely adult and to the harassed parent of the only child.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE Hallé/Barbirolli version of Schubert's Ninth Symphony in C (*H.M.V.) will probably please more listeners than either the Krips (*D.) or the Toscanini (H.M.V.). Barbirolli secures a beautifully traditional performance, with proper emphasis on the singable quality of the melodies. He does not make that vexatious rallentando (so dear to many conductors who ought to know better) at the end of I; in II he keeps the pulse steadily going, so that the movement does not seem too long (but the horn and trumpet at bar 160 are scarcely audible). The reading of IV is more sober than Krips's, where the conductor, by pouncing on the accents, achieves a greater drive and excitement. The recording is very comprehensive, with somewhat rounder string tone than Decca. Two new versions of Tchaikovsky symphonies—the Fourth (**C.) and *Manfred* (**C.)—are likely to remain unrivalled for some time to come. Karajan adopts gentle tempi for No. 4, and even in the climaxes refuses to let the music have its hysterical head. This is all to the good: we reach the end without any sense of having been belaboured with a rolling-pin. This is a deeply musical performance and the dynamic range of the recording is very wide. In a new version of Tchaikovsky No. 5 the same conductor disappoints. True, the slow movement sounds very beautiful indeed, and the Finale is not overdone; but Karajan's reading of I is unrestrainedly fulsome, and in III his beat is tediously slow for a waltz. The Dorati issue (*M.) offers a less sentimental performance. *Manfred* is not, it is to be feared, a successful piece. Based on Byron's tragedy, it is an enormous symphonic poem rather than a symphony, and it may be doubted whether Tchaikovsky would have gone through with it at all, but for the nagging of Balakirev, whose idea it was in the first instance. There are beautiful things in it—notably in II and III—but the themes lack vitality and the work is far too long. On the other hand, Kletzki obtains a splendidly authentic performance, and the recording is simply wonderful. The Pittsburgh SO/Steinberg version of the Sixth (*Pathétique*) Symphony (**Cap.) competes strongly with the Cantelli disc (**C.). Both conductors take a very similar view of this tricky work, but the acoustic of the Capitol disc is the more spacious of the two. Mischa Elman's recording of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (*D.) is a moving reminder of a bygone style—less glossy, brilliant and pugnacious than more modern virtuosos have accustomed us to accept, but beautifully smooth and lyrical. Some of the passage-work in I is rather cautious; but in III Mr. Elman's feathery, dancing lightness more than makes up for the kind of virtuosity he commanded when he was younger.

Without wishing in any way to disparage Sir Adrian Boult's version (with the L.P.O.) of Elgar's *Enigma* Variations, I found it impossible not to surrender to the superior beauty—the brio, the tenderness, the clarity of detail, the sheer vividness—of Toscanini's rendering (**H.M.V.). Only in Var. VIII could the tempo be thought too hurried for the cast of the music; elsewhere the pleasure is unclouded. Sir Adrian takes an altogether more leisurely view of the work, and couples it with the *Wand of Youth* Suite No. 1. Toscanini's coupling, Brahms's *St. Antony Variations,* is brilliantly played, but the recording is a good deal less well managed. The coupling of Mozart's *Sinfonia concertante* in E flat, K297b, with *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (C.) cannot be very enthusiastically recommended, for, although in the first the quartet of wind soloists play exquisitely and the recording of both sides is very sweet, the large body of strings, always favoured in Mozart by the conductor, Karajan, sounds unsuitably obese. Moreover, the opening ritornello of K297b is raggedly played. I also recommend Mozart's four Horn Concertos, played by Dennis Brain with the same orchestra and conductor (*C.). The young Russian pianist, Emil Gilels, offers Beethoven's Third Concerto (with Paris Conservatoire Orch./Cluytens. *C.). While admiring the even strength of Mr. Gilels's fingers (his deep, steady pianissimo is most impressive), and his unfaltering intention, I cannot help feeling that this is a superficial, unimaginative performance, more suited to Hummel than to Beethoven. The recording is not of the best, and many people will continue to prefer Lili Kraus's disc (V.), though it is not ideal.

I have no room to enter at length into the relative merits of the five new versions of the Brahms Violin Concerto, but think that the choice lies clearly between Milstein (with Pittsburgh SO/Steinberg. **Cap.) and Johanna Martzy (with Philharmonia/Kletzki. *C.). Mlle Martzy has a clean, assured technique and a most seductive tone: in the Adagio her playing disarms criticism; but her conception of the opening movement—especially of the second subject—is sentimentally slow. Both here and in the Finale I feel that Milstein wins hands down. An

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austere violinist, who never seeks to charm, he nevertheless commands a wider range of expression than Mlle Martzy, and his conduct of the whole work has an authority that is very satisfying. Like most of the Pittsburgh recordings, this one is excellent. Milstein's coupling of the Violin Concertos of Mendelssohn and Bruch (No. 1 in G minor) with the same orchestra (*Cap.) offers good interim versions; but his view of both works is on the chilly side. Stokowski's coupling of Bizet's enchanting Symphony in C, with the two *L'Arlésienne* Suites (**H.M.V.) should make a very acceptable Christmas present. It was inartistic (and unnecessary, since the time saved is infinitesimal) to have cut the lead-in bars from the beginning of the Pastorale, the Andantino section of the same, and the opening of the Minuet; but this cannot be said to matter so very much, for the performance is otherwise of dazzling quality. A selection of ballet music, entitled *Homage to Diaghilev* and brilliantly played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Igor Markevitch (**C.—3 discs), will tempt anyone who has enjoyed the Diaghilev exhibition; but I think it was a mistake to have included Prokofiev's *Pas d'acier*: as concert music it is dull and too long.

The first two discs of Arrau's complete recording of the works of Chopin afford ample proof that, save in a few rare instances, something has gone badly wrong with the interpretation of Chopin today. Abuse of the sustaining pedal; unconvincing, because affected, rubato; a fitful brilliance that seems imposed from without, rather than a natural product of the writing: such are the faults that appear to me to prevent a single complete success in any of the pieces here recorded, though they contain incidental beauties. Almost all are obtainable in preferable versions by other pianists. The recording, apart from pre-echo before the first chord of the First Scherzo, is good.

The "Archive" series of the Deutsche Grammophon Co., similar to, but far more extensive than, our own History of Music in Sound (of which Vols. V and VI—both well worth attention—have recently appeared) bids fair to be an outstanding production. The discs I have heard so far reach the highest recording standard, while the performance, too, are for the most part in such good style that the effect of artificiality, so hard to avoid in *musica antiqua*, is altogether to seek. Quite specially enjoyable is a vocal duet by Adam de la Halle (*c.* 1283), coupled with some *rondeaux* and instrumental dances of the same period; Carissimi's oratorio, *Jephtha* (1650), a work of Miltonic eloquence, rather stiff but animated by many imaginative harmonic progressions, very daring for their day (only the soprano in this performance is timid and feeble); and Schütz's magnificent *Musikalische Exequien*, a work of heavenly purity, very finely sung. These LP discs are obtainable from Heliodor Recording Co., 8 Clarges St., W.1.

Toscanini's issue of Beethoven's Mass in D (H.M.V.—2 discs) offers the kind of performance that is all the go nowadays in works of this order—a thing of violent theatrical contrasts, feverish energy and a surface passion vociferously proclaimed. The soloists are excellent, but too distant from the microphone, while the rest of the forces are oppressively over-amplified. I cannot pretend to admire Toscanini's approach to this profound religious masterpiece: the Benedictus, for instance, is extraordinarily pedestrian, and in the final section of the Agnus Dei there is a total absence of that "inward and outward peace" desiderated by the composer. There are passages of thrilling sound in the Gloria and Credo, but I think many readers will find Klemperer's reading of the Mass (**V.) in altogether finer taste.

Admirers of Dylan Thomas's genius will be glad to hear that his radio fantasy, *Under Milk Wood*, has been transferred to disc in the original B.B.C. production without any loss of quality (**A.—2 discs). Also highly recommended: GOUNOD: *Faust*—"Salut demeure"; MEYERBEER: *L'Africana*—"O Paradiso" (Björling. **G.DB 21621.). EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competition

No. 1,295

Set by Andrew Wordsworth

"Relentless in their pursuit of lust, avarice, cruelty, murder . . ." Reading Juvenal's sixth satire one feels that one's own satire on women would be different. The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt of not more than eighteen lines of English, or Latin, verse from *On Women*; or, alternatively, *On Men*. Entries by December 28.

Result of No. 1,292

Set by V. Sackville-West

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of the following sonnet by Mellin de St. Gelais, born at Angoulême in 1491, died 1558.

Il n'est point tant de barques à Venise,
D'huitres à Bourg, de lièvres en Champagne,
D'ours, en Savoie, et de veaux en Bretagne,
De cygnes blancs le long de la Tamise,
Ni tant d'amours se traitent en l'église,
De différents aux peuples d'Allemagne,
Ni tant de gloire à un seigneur d'Espagne,
Ni tant se trouve à la Cour de feintise,
Ni tant y a de monstres en Afrique,
D'opinions en une république,
Ni de pardons à Rome aux jours de fête,
Ni d'avarice aux hommes de pratique,
Ni d'arguments en une Sorbonique,
Que m'amie a de lunes en la tête.

Report

A number of amusing and ingenious entries, even though few of them caught the charm of the original. Perhaps that was hardly to be expected. There were four methods of approach: the literal, the jocose, and the gallant attempt to transcribe into equivalent terms, e.g. Colchester oysters, Welsh lambs, Russian bears, etc., in which L. E. J., Frederick Fuller, D. Mackillock, Little Billee, G. C. H., and Davus were the most successful; I fear however that they must be disqualified, since a translation, not an interpretation, was asked for. Finally, there was the aberrant category which includes two of the winning entries.

M'amie appeared in various guises, when she was not being the obvious darling, love, sweetheart, mistress, and fair lady. She could be me (sic) popsy, my moppet, my little leman, my dear girl, my gal, my girl-friend, my pet, my baby, Mellin's fiancée, my Damzell, "that woman," and, in a supreme effort from New York, "International, quite irrational, super-passional girl." She also had a good many bees in her bonnet, bats in her belfry, and maggots in her brain. On two occasions she changed her sex, to become, rather startlingly, a boy-friend. One solitary competitor, L. G. Udall, spotted the improbability of oysters occurring at Bourg, that Burgundian town which, far from being anywhere near the sea, is deeply embedded in the inland heart of France. Perhaps he was the only competitor to know that *huître* has a double meaning in French. Anyway, it is not only for this that he gets his prize.

Highly commended for "an adaptation by a pseudo-Elizabethan poetaster," Evelyn Ward. Highly commended, but for a weak last line, F. C. C. and C. H. C. Also commended, Silvia Tatham, A. Westlake, D. L. B., and D. H. R Stallybrass for the fine flourish of a first line,

How scant those Adriatic quinquiremes.....

A final commendation to Tom Naisby for some-

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SIR ERIC MILLER'S SPEECH

The 46th Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., was held on December 13 in London.

Sir Eric Miller, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Britain's ultimate goal must remain free convertibility of sterling, but she cannot afford serious mistakes on the way. Hence a policy of "festina lente," trying by the G.A.T.T. and other means to promote wider trading confidence, so that flights from one currency to another may no longer present attractions to exchange adventurers, seems the only right one for our Government to pursue.

The Group Net profit attributable to the Parent Company after all charges and taxation was £588,773. Of this figure net dividends absorb £187,165, and £401,608 is retained in the business. The Deferred Ordinary dividend is 20 per cent. for the year.

In the course of his review of the tea industry, he said: The rapid advance in auction prices has inevitably rendered it necessary for packers in the United Kingdom and elsewhere to increase their retail prices. There has been a certain amount of somewhat ill-informed comment in the Press and elsewhere during recent months by those who seem to be unaware that current levels are desired by neither producers nor blenders.

TEA PRICES

The fact that for some months wholesale prices in the London auctions have been above the price level of the average run of retail packets available to the consumer is indisputable evidence that distributors are doing what they can to defer a further rise in retail prices.

Given reasonable weather and satisfactory working conditions, production in India and Ceylon, which already between them are responsible for more than 75 per cent. of the total available world supplies of tea, is capable of expansion to the extent required to bring about the desired balance between supply and absorption.

Although it is hoped and desired that there may be some easing of current price levels, this is not likely to occur until it is clear that 1955 world production of tea will be adequate for all requirements.

RUBBER

Dealing with the rubber industry, he said: At the date of our last meeting the price of Spot Sheet in London was about 17½d. per lb., following which it drifted down to below 16d. in the early days of March, 1954, causing acute concern in all producing territories.

The urge for improved facilities for the transport of passengers and goods by road is world-wide. More and better roads are a pressing need, as we know in this country, where at long last the powers that be are making a move, though on a pathetically inadequate scale. If only the large sums collected annually in taxation on Road Vehicles had been left available to the Road Fund for the improvement of our road system generally, as was, I believe, the original far-sighted intention, the moneys so applied would have been really well invested.

The latest improvement in tyres is the tubeless tyre which manufacturers expect will become standard on new passenger cars within a relatively short space of time.

You all know how foam rubber is going ahead for upholstery in cars and in the home; it is entrenching on some of the older methods of cushioning, but the price factor comes into the picture when considering probable future expansion. Much money and talent is being devoted to the improvement of the synthetics both in performance and in methods of production.

SYNTHETICS

Referring to competition between Natural and Synthetic rubber, he said: The Synthetic people will go on straining every nerve to improve their product and reduce costs. We on our side must continue the good work of breeding yet higher-yielding clones and of replacing our old trees with successors of the best modern type, thus keeping our cost of production fully competitive. We must also pursue with vigour adequate scientific efforts to make Natural rubber even more versatile than nature has done unaided, so that we may hold our own indefinitely in the highly competitive world we live in.

The demand for Natural rubber is quite healthy at a price which may be deemed satisfactory. Stocks, outside the Government stockpiles, are, if anything, on the low side, and, if fireworks can be avoided, the outlook seems to be encouraging.

The report and accounts were adopted

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thing that isn't a sonnet but is a jolly bouncing poem all on its own.

First prize of two guineas each to M. Walsh and Apple Tree, who lives at Henley-on-Thames. He, or she, appends a note to explain that his or her translation is not intended to be Lallans, but late Middle-Scots of roughly even date with St. Gelais. We must, I suppose, take his or her word for that. Prizes of a guinea each to L. G. Udall and R. J. P. Hewison.

Less Gondelays at *Venis* braue the tide,
Oisters hath *Bourg*, ne Leverets *Champaine*,
Savoia Beares, ne lowing Kyne *Bretaigne*,
Less lilly Swanes down *Thamis* brinckes do glide,
And fewer true love Knots in church be tied,
Less the Brawles bred in warlicke *Alemaine*,
Less haughtyness in a Grandee of *Spaine*,
Less sons of *Janus* do with Monarques ride,
Less than that *Afrike* ever brought forth strange,
Dissencions sore that *Parliaments* derange,
Or Pardons in the *Roman Pontiff's* train;
Merchaunts deploy less avarice, schoolmen change
Quibbles far fewer, than wild Fancies range,
All Moon-engendered, through my Damzell's brain.

M. WALSH

Nocht mair in Venyx carvellis mot bene found,
Calvis in Bretaigne, nor in Savoya baris,
In Bourg oystronis, nor in Champania haris,
Nor webbis of Paramour in kirkis are wound,
Less dae white swannis upon the Thamis abound,
And less in German hairtis dissencioun steris,
Less gloir ane Spaniard hath in hys maneres,
Less falset lours intil the courtlie round,
In Afrique fewer bene the ferlie bestis,
In ane republique claikingis of remede,
In Rome the perdonis sold at laye festis,
In mercantis dwalmis of lust to fyll thyr chestis,
Less disputaciounis thrang Sorbonnique brestis,
Na glowkit thochtis in my lyte lemanis heid.

Paramour: love. *Round:* whispering. *Ferlie:* strange, terrible, *Claikingis of remede:* chatter about improvement. *Na:* than. *Glowkit thochtis:* dotty ideas. *Lyte:* little.

APPLE TREE

Far fewer skiffs Venetian waters glide,
Or boobs in Bourg, Champagne fewer hares,
Brittany calves, Savoy has fewer bears,
The Thames floats fewer swans upon the tide,
Nay far less promises in Church are plied,
Less numbered tribes lurk in Teutonic lairs,
No greater pride the vain Hidalgo wears,
Less counterfeit at Court you see reside,
Of beasts in Africa far fewer feed,
Republicans less controversy need,
Forgiveness less does Holiest Rome bestow,
Less has the tradesman of a store of greed,
Fewer arguments the Schoolmen breed,
Than whimsies lie beneath my moppet's brow.

L. G. UDALL

Venice is not so well with ships supplied,
Nor Bourg with oysters, nor Champagne with hares,
Nor Brittany with calves, Savoy with bears,
Thames with white swans to swim upon his tide,
The German states with quarrels to divide,
Nor church with traffic of the heart's affairs,
The Court is not so full of feigning airs,
Nor a grandee of Spain so stiff with pride,
Afric doth not with monsters so abound,
With differing voices a republic sound,
Nor pardons swarm at Rome, in festal train,
Nor avarice among the furred and gowned,
Nor arguments when learned cups go round,
As hath my darling maggots in her brain.

R. J. P. HEWISON

ASSIAC
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Adventure in Chess
With pocket Chess set 10s. 6d.
Give this entertaining book for Xmas
TURNSTILE PRESS

CHESS

No. 272. Studies and Teasers

Once again the competition is promoted from its customary place at the tail-end of the column; for, obviously, pride of place belongs to the winners of our study competition.

A: V. Halberstadt
1954

B: A. Herberg
1954

A, B and **C** are wins, **D** is a draw. I had no doubts about giving 1st prize to the famous Paris composer's delightfully witty piece; but Herberg's study too is most remarkable for its economy in dealing with a rather difficult theme. I am delighted about the 3rd

C: A. J. Roycroft
1954

D: M. Eisinger
1954

prize of one of our own amateurs: no mean achievement in so eminent a company of international experts. A good many other readers showed imagination and erudition in producing pretty mating-lines and neat variations of some popular basic ideas. The most famous international expert among the regular readers is Harold Lommer who, alas, found no time to do a new piece for the Competition; but he told me a pretty little story to prove (if proof were needed) how difficult it may be to solve a problem, even when the basic idea is gratuitously offered. Several decades ago, at a certain Continental café, Lommer used to hob-nob with Emanuel Lasker, poring over studies and problems. They were much annoyed by a garrulous *kibitzer* who seemed to know or solve every problem at sight. "Can't you do something to shut the fellow up?" said Lasker; so Lommer sat down to compose this piece. "It's a sui-mate in 4," he told the man; "far too easy for you, particularly if I tell you the idea. Since Black can only move his P, all you have to do is to get the Kt to h1 in time for (4) . . . P-R7 mate." But, try as he would, the *kibitzer* could not get the Kt to h1, without it being en prise or blocking the B-diagonal, vital to contain the Black K. The fellow got desperate, so Lommer showed him the key Kt-Kt5, adding that if the P marched on, the square h1 could now be reached via h3. "But the Kt is en prise!" screamed the *kibitzer*. "So what?" said Lommer and demonstrated (1) . . . P x Kt, (2) B-Q3, P-Kt5, (3) K-B1, P-Kt6, (4) B-Kt1, P-Kt7 mate.

A and **B** rate 7 points each, **C** and **D** 6 points. Usual prizes. Entries by December 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 269. Set November 27.

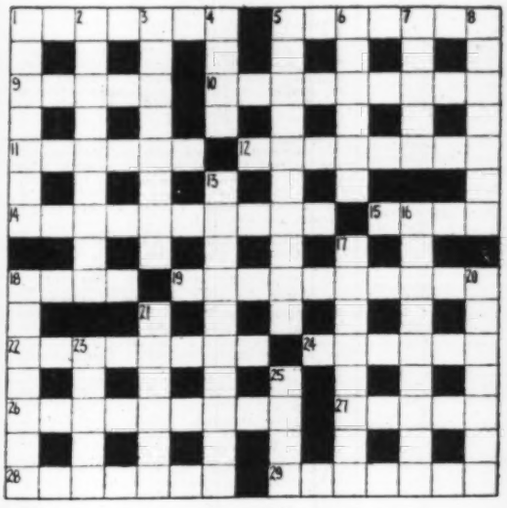
A: (1) R-K8 (followed by Q-B6)
B: (1) Q-K8, Q-QB4, (2) Q-Q8 ch, Q-Kt4, (3) Q-QKt6, Q-Kt2, (4) Q-QR5, Q-Kt3, (5) Q-K1 ch, K-Kt4, (6) Q-K5 ch, K-R5, (7) Q-K7 ch, Q(B)-Kt4, (8) Q-K1 mate.
if (1) . . . Q-QR4, (2) Q-K7 ch, followed by Q-KR7, etc.
C: (1) P-R7, P-K7, (2) K-B2, P-R7, (3) P-R8 (B!!), K-Q8, (4) Kt-Q3, etc.
if (3) P queens, KP queens ch, (4) K x Q, P queens ch, (5) Q x Q stalemate.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes shared by: C. H. Brown, J. Ernest, F. Jaeck, B. Lodge, D. C. Mease, J. Vandiest one of our Belgian competitors and himself a noted study composer.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 131

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 131, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 28.



ACROSS

1. Violet showing such signs of embarrassment has her face covered (7).
5. High places for the outstanding among associates (7).
9. Gird with a final gird (5).
10. To be attracted towards life in a hot place (9).
11. It is a little cloudy, but there are bits of blue in the middle (6).
12. The plant to tie up with tobacco (8).
14. It is wonderful; there is nothing to separate us from the poet (10).
15. Pole which may have lines on for little birds (4).
18. Shows he wants a lot (4).
19. Messed with an English sailor joining up with other countries (10).
22. Summer holiday food at the coast? (8).
24. In his turn the artist shows the result of overstrain (6).
26. Poke fun a little bit, and give the bird (9).
27. The chosen people, or the end of one of them (5).
28. A girl at high school needs such protectives (7).
29. Stop with us in a place of royal retirement (7).

DOWN

1. Country whose strength is round a mountain (7).
2. Showed enough negligence to make the poor district go left (9).
3. Put off because the unclean one came up and showed the way (8).
4. Mustard and Pepper, for example (4).
5. There is room in the footnote for unoriginal remarks (10).
6. Places fit for animals take little money away from these landlords (6).
7. College poet (5).
8. Another poet has to write, but colours up about it (7).
13. Plans to make an impression among the sportsmen (10).
16. R.A. into V.I.P.! What a change from poverty! (9).
17. The clan settle for the night with a kind of tent (8).
18. Divides up and is dry in parts (7).
20. Put up a gun and worry the birds (7).
21. It is not high up and healthy for the actor (6).
23. Presented after a princess (5).
25. Ron is absent, so the style is not long-lived (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 129

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 129

D. A. Nicholls (Chester), A. L. Salmon (New Malden), J. S. Bishop (Welshpool).

PERSONAL

WRITER and wife would like soon in N.W. flat pt.-time help mainly secretarial, in exchange residence and modest remuneration, from theatre-minded linguist, pref. English mother tongue. Box 3148.

WOMAN (38) who is very fond of children would like to look after children in a family. The position of Nannie or governess does not, however, appeal. Could combine a part-time professional business career with early morning, tea and bath-time care, and could sit-in twice a week. Self-contained accommodation preferred. Write Box 3060.

REGALE your guests or school with sparkling French play, grave or gay, original or translation at a.m., p.m. or weekend parties. Talks and or group readings produced by British bilingual translator lecturer (M.A. & Sorbonne) who worked w. the authors. (Eng. plays, poems w. others' French trsltns. also). S.a.e. & tel. number please to Box 3037.

XIMENES fan offers share of home to two (pref. m. & w.) at low rent in exchange for some services from wife. Isolated country cottage, S.E. Suit penurious writer but wealth not objected to. Write Box 2952.

LADY, good knowledge languages, travelled abroad, competent secretary, good mixer, enjoys organising, seeks interesting varied position: would travel. Box 2935.

AUTOBIOGRAPHER (intimate material) world-traveller retired, desires collaboration for publication. Expenses paid, half-share any financial success. Box 2886.

YOUNG literary man, 21, travelled (Malaya, Africa), urgently seeks a room in flat or chambers, S.W., W. London. Company valued highly. Creed & colour not crucial. Box 3027.

NEW Year's Eve in London; gentleman (40) would like to join party. Box 3006.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

WELL-Educated non-graduate (m., 28) of academic bent, now in Antiquarian Book trade, seeks job leading to satisfying career. Box 2878.

WINTER Sports. Three families want one more small family Jan. 1-16. Austria. 41 Dartmouth Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 1907.

ITALIAN conversation & tuition, native teacher (m.). W.2. Box 3150.

WOULD anyone lend post-graduate student £120 to be repaid in 2 years? Interest. Legal agreement. Box 3057.

HOLIDAY Help wanted immed. Doctor's family, N.12. HIL. 8555 aft. 6 p.m.

DUFFLE Coat wanted, any colour; 30s. to 60s. according condition. Box 3081.

A GENUINE interpretation of your Nativity. Send birthdate; 10s. 6d. Douglas V. Morgan, Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

AFRICAN & other Colonial speakers on Afr. & Col. problems. Low fees. Racial Unity, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

STAMMER & All Speech Defects. Brochure. I. Miles-Brown, 38 Wigmore St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

BLIND ex-teacher offers inexpensive lessons in your home. Mathematics, Latin, French and German. Tel. Meyer, PAD. 9502.

OXFORD Grad., prep. school teacher, offers services coaching Common Entrance, languages, etc. Dec. 20-Jan. 20. HAM. 4562.

TEXTILES. The nucleus of a group of textile printers & weavers, called the London Textile Group, has been formed. If you are interested in contemporary textile design, write to The London Textile Group, 14 North Square, N.W.11.

THE Paris studio in London. Heatherleys welcomes part-time day and evening students. 33 Warwick Sq. Westminster, S.W.1.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

A FASCINATING Study. The auxiliary International Languages of today have the beauty of the romantic language of the Troubadours, and advance world understanding. Send 2½d. stamp: IDO, International Language Society, 58 Leopold St., Leeds, 7. Interlingua, 6 St. Albans Avenue, Halifax, Unial, Munik-Grafelfing, Otilostrasse 17, Germany (International reply coupon). Concordu, 11 North Avenue, Worthing.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

MISUNDERSTOOD and delinquent adults sympathetically photographed for private or professional purposes by John Vickers of 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

BOOK Tokens are the answer to every gift problem. A minute or two at a bookshop to choose appropriate designs, a handful of nea: envelopes dropped in the nearest pillar box and your Christmas shopping is done. Values 3s. 6d.-21s., plus 4d. for the card.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money, Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs, exch. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

BEFORE buying pictures always read Abbott's Lists of originals by best artists at lowest prices (£1-£10). Box 2850.

FOR Men only! Italian style Sweaters and Shirts, Black Jeans, Cord Jeans, Camel Hair Casual Jackets, Nylon Underbriefs, etc., are available at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. Illustrated catalogue sent on request.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. One excellent post in Montreal, and three in Boston, Mass., available immediately. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7

PERSONAL—continued

MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year to all Ramblers, Mountaineers and Country-lovers. January 1 will be publication date of the New Year's "Ramblers' News"—sent free to all members—and of the R.A. Services 1955 holiday booklet. Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, N.W.1.

"SNOWSPORTS in Austria" are our speciality. For inexpensive ski-ing holidays, via the short sea route (16 days London back to London, from £23 10s. Snowsport Sleepers 31s. 6d. extra each way), write, 'phone or call for a copy of "Snowsports in Austria" from F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., Agents for the Austrian Federal Railways, Dept. N.S.8, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 0942.

DO you realise that mental illness causes more wide-spread distress than any other form of ill-health, and that it accounts for almost as many hospital beds as do all other ailments put together? You can help us to tackle this grave problem. Please be sure to listen to Donald McCullough next Sunday at 8.25 p.m. in the B.B.C. Home Service, who will be appealing for The Mental Health Research Fund, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

MUSIC to be loved, must be understood. Sir Malcolm Sargent says . . . "'The Enjoyment of Music' is of special value. Mr. Sidney Harrison . . . makes points immediately clear. . . . It is as if we had a musician in our home to talk and play to us." Complete work a beautifully illustrated book and seven special 12in 78 r.p.m. records. All available separately. Easy terms. E.M.I. Institutes, Ltd. (Dept. NS55), Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

BULGARIA and the magic of the Black Sea! Sixteen unforgettable days' holiday including three nights in Sofia and six days on the sun-drenched beaches of the Black Sea coast. This is a fortnight you'll never forget—magnificent scenery, charming people, excellent food and Bulgarian wines! Day and night in Vienna en route. Departures June 11, September 3. Closing date for booking, April 1. Details from Progressive Tours, Ltd., 100a, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

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SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic converstn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600.

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WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS Parties. There are only a few vacancies left in our Christmas parties in Surrey, or Bedfordshire, mostly for men. We still have a few vacancies for our New Year Party near Windsor. Write, call or 'phone now. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

TOY Shopping by Post. To invalids and those kept at home by weather or traffic congestion. Send us a general instruction and we will despatch appropriate toys, enclosing any messages from you. Make out your cheque "Not more than . . ." We then fill in exact amount. Dept. N.S., Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, Ltd., 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1. (No catalogues left.)

YOUNGSTERS' Christmas House Party offers seasonal enjoyment to members of the "younger set" from 10-18 years. Matron (S.R.N.) and responsible Staff supervise comfort with excellent meals. Riding daily, organised games, Square-dancing, paper-chases, Panto-party, well-chosen Cinemas. Dec. 29 to Jan. 12. From 5½gns. Apply: Mrs. K. Clare, J.P., Parndon Hall, Harlow. Tel.: 24511.

WHY not give your friends a subscription to the Poetry Book Society? 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. (WHItehall 9737.)

CHRISTMAS, New Year on skis! You are still in time to join a cheerful Christmas or New Year Winter Sports Party in Austria or Switzerland. Departures December 23, 24, 28 and January 1. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FRENCHMAN, Licencié, coming London Jan., seeks work, also accom. Box 2536.

BACHELOR (30's) seeks agreeable young companion (m.) for holidays abroad 1955. Also interested in visiting historic towns at week-ends. Expenses shared. Box 2631.

TAPE recorders from 25 to 95gns.; hire purchase available; all well-known models; brochures: Howard Photographic, 525 Croydon Road, Beckenham.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately . . . Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doin' (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for programmes or ring Checkendon 221.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sales—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

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TYPEWRITERS Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme will be ready on January 15. Write now to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, to have your name put on the mailing list.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-54 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON. The University, Goldsmith's College. Required in the Training Department in April or September, 1955, a full-time lecturer (man or woman) in English. Applicants should have either a degree or a strong qualification in speech work, and teaching experience with children of primary school age. Interest in experimental work and in the teaching of English Usage is also desirable. Particulars from the Warden, Goldsmith's College, New Cross, S.E.14.

OXFORD University Delagacy for Social Training. The Delegacy proposes to appoint a Tutor (man or woman) with high academic qualifications and experience of teaching one or more of the following subjects: Sociology, Social and Political Theory, British History since 1760. Present salary scale £500×£50–£950, with membership of F.S.S.U. Applications should be submitted before December 31 to the Secretary to the Delegates, 35 Beaumont St., Oxford, from whom further particulars obtainable.

FEDERATION of Nigeria. A vacancy exists for an Assistant News Editor, Nigerian Broadcasting Service. Qualifications: Five years' experience on editorial staff of reputable newspaper or newspapers, or news staff of a broadcasting organisation. Certificated shorthand speed of at least 100 words per minute. Experience of reporting and sub-editorial work desirable but not essential. Knowledge of West Africa an advantage. Candidates should preferably be members of National Union of Journalists or Institute of Journalists. Cuttings of newspapers, or published works should be submitted with application. Duties: Compilation of national news bulletins in English and main vernacular tongues under direction of News Editor, Nigerian Broadcasting Service. Terms of Appointment: Contract/gratuity terms for two tours (18-24 months each tour). Salary in scale £627-£875 per annum plus Expatriation allowance of £180 to £240 per annum. Gratuity of £25 for each completed three months period of satisfactory service payable on termination of contract. Outfit allowance £60. Quarters at rate of 10% of basic salary. Free first-class passages for officer and wife. Special regulations for children's passages. Leave at rate of 7 days for each completed month of resident service. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number BCD 96/14/010.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). There are now no vacancies for meteorologists. Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Exam., Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London):—Experimental Officer £720-£890 (men); £625-£760 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer, £290 (at age 18) to £645 (men), £545 (women). Starting pay up to £520 (men) or £490 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/54. Completed application forms must be returned by December 31, 1954.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer, North American Service, British subject, to formulate ideas for and produce discussions, talks and talks features for rebroadcasting in North America. Sound academic background, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in people of all kinds essential. First-hand knowledge of people and affairs of U.S.A. and Canada and experience of writing desirable. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting reference NS/N. Stmn.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist for candidates who have specialised in palaeobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must, in addition, have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £975-£1,150; (women) £845-£1,025. Scientific Officers (men) £470-£855; (women) £470-£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440-£760 (rates under review). Women's rates somewhat lower. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S/53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/54 S.128/54 for the other posts. Completed application forms must be returned by December 31, 1954.

GOVERNMENT of Aden. A vacancy exists for a male Broadcasting Officer, Public Relations Department, Aden. Qualifications: Candidates should have at least four years experience of broadcasting programme techniques. A reasonable knowledge of Arabic is essential. Previous knowledge of Middle East and some knowledge of the technical and administrative side of broadcasting would be an advantage. Duties: Administrative supervision and training of broadcasting staff under Public Relations and Information Office. Preparation of programme material; listener research; development of local and overseas sources of programme material. Aden Broadcasting service provides, at present, a two hour daily Arabic programme. Terms of Appointment: On contract for one tour of 18-24 months, in first instance, with possibility of entry to permanent establishment. Salary according to experience and qualifications in scale £690-£1,362 per annum plus Pay Differential of £240 or £300 per annum. Outfit allowance £60. Quarters at rental of not exceeding 10% of basic salary. Free first class return passages for officer, wife and up to four children. Leave at rate of 7 days for each completed month of resident service. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number (BCD.148/2/02).

SENIOR Development Engineer. A vacancy has arisen on the senior staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation for a Senior Development Engineer. This appointment carries responsibility for a variety of projects, from the design to the production stage and a commensurate salary is offered. The minimum academic qualifications required are Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering, together with experience in the design of A.C. and D.C. machinery and a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.8, Box 2610.

HISTORY, Geography and French: January vacancy. Any man or woman capable of helping small groups of children between 8 and 18 years of age to study thoroughly without authoritarian pressure, and at the same time genuinely interested in becoming an active resident member of the staff of a "progressive" co-educational school is invited to write fully to John Wood, New Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey, or to 'phone Epsom 9619.

DEVELOPMENT Engineer. Owing to the expansion in the laboratory staff of a large electrical manufacturing organisation, vacancies have arisen for Development Engineers with experience in the Design of either A.C. and D.C. machines or with a wide knowledge of electro-mechanical devices. The minimum academic qualification required is Higher National Certificate or a degree in electrical engineering. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should give age, qualifications and experience and should be addressed to Ref. No. EL.7, stating salary required. Box 2611.

YOUTH leader wanted for experimental club in Nissen Hut in East London. Membership (age range approx. 2 to 22 years) of boys and girls incapable of successful participation in more orthodox groups. Non-residential. Opportunity for co-operating in an intensive case work and group work project. Salary by arrangement. Applications giving previous experience and the names and addresses of two referees to Elisabeth Hunter, 46 The Chase, London, S.W.4, from whom further information may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Deputy Children's Officer. Applications are invited for this post from candidates having the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a University Degree, Diploma or Certificate in Social Science, with appropriate experience in a Children's Department, particularly the supervision of Children's Homes and Nurseries. Ability to drive a car essential. Salary scale £705×£30 to £825 p.a. N.J.C. service conditions, superannuation provisions and medical examination applicable. Application form and particulars of appointment available fr. undersigned. Closing date Dec. 31, 1954. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (3 whole-time positions) required by London County Council. One in-sole-charge combined appointment to a children's reception home in East London and to a day school for maladjusted children in Lambeth. Two basic grade appointments to child guidance units at Woodberry Down Health Centre and at Brixton. Whitley Council salary scale. Particulars and application form (returnable by 22.12.54) from Medical Officer of Health (D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (1575)

VACANCY for qualified and experienced Family Caseworker, salary £450-£550. Application, giving full details and testimonials, to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society Inc., 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Married couple required in early March, 1955, to take charge as House Father and House Mother of Home near Chelmsford for 18-22 children, mainly boys aged 12-15. Salary and service conditions under Standing Joint Advisory Committee's Scheme. Previous experience or training in similar work essential. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include the supervision of boys' occupations and leisure activities and general assistance with the running of the Home. Post offers scope to young man interested in social work and seeking experience with delinquent boys. Salary scale £425×£15—£485, less £108 for emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council requires Part-time Child Welfare Officer (man or woman) to specialise in family reintegration of selected boys at Mayford Approved School (near Woking, Surrey), whose disturbed family relationships are believed to have been a major cause of their delinquency. Special training, e.g. as a psychiatric social worker or in some other field of social work is desirable. The engagement will be for an experimental period of a year at a salary of £270 18s 9d plus reasonable travelling and subsistence allowances. Hours of duty by arrangement, but not less than 20 weekly. Application forms (s.a.e. f/scp) from Children's Officer (CH/A. 1/M), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 8.

MERTON and Morden Guild of Social Service requires Caseworker, 30-40. Exp. interviewing, visiting, case records. Pref. with car. 5-day week. £50 plus car allowance. Write fully Box 2890.

CASE Work among women prisoners: fully trained, experienced worker wanted for experiment one or two years by Holloway D.P.A. Write fully to Margery Fry, 48 Clarendon Road, W.11.

QUALIFIED Master or Mistress (young, single) required for general subjects and games. Small private co-educational school in West. Applic. form on request. Box 2667.

YOUNG superior tutor, first-class references, for intelligent eleven-year-old boy, free to travel. Only cultured personalities; living-out position. Top salary. Apply Box OFA. 2585 CH. Orell Füssli-Annonces, Zurich (Switzerland).

SAFETY Officer required by old-established company in West London. The duties will also involve certain aspects of personnel work including recruitment of hourly rated men. The post is permanent and pensionable. Write, giving details of age, experience and salary required, to Box 3118.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake. Special School for Maladjusted children reqs. man considerably expd. maladjusted children for residential post of responsibility during out-of-school hours.

SCHOOL Bursar required for Private Boys' Boarding School, Brighton. Male or female, age 28/40. Well-educated, must be efficient book-keeper, previous school experience not essential but desirable. Knowledge of French and/or German an advantage. Apply, giving full particulars of experience and copies of at least 3 refs., to Box 3067.

AN experienced Sales Manager required by large Mineral Water Company selling nationally. Good prospects for the right man. High starting salary and bonuses on results. Write, stating full details of experience, age, etc., to Box 3098.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Editor required for international voluntary organisation with headquarters in Geneva. Candidates should have degree in social science and/or psychology, with experience in child welfare. Good working knowledge of French essential. Salary 9,600-12,000 Swiss francs per annum according to qualifications and exp. Box 3094.

ORGANISING Secretary for Abbey Community Association, Westminster. Salary in accordance with scales Society of Neighbourhood Workers. Family accommodation available. Experience essential. Closing date for applications January 2. Stamped addressed foolscap envelope for further particulars to Chairman, A.C.A., 50, Tufton Street, S.W.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

PUBLISHER reqs. Assistant: reliable man, German & English languages. Good at figures, prepared to do routine jobs & packing. Sympathetic atmosphere. Box 3125.

ADULT shorthand-typist (man or woman) required for Research Department. The work is varied and interesting, and includes summarising statistical and other information as well as correspondence. Commonsense and initiative are more important than very high speeds. Commencing salary £8 per week, rising to £9 1s. per week. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Administrative Assistant, Transport and General Workers Union, Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

ACTIVE person (m. or f.) of sound integrity, used working on own initiative, expd. in all secretarial branches, required to join Travel Department in established organization. Box 3170.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant with typing 2 days weekly for 9 months. £3 per week. London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley St., London, W.C.1.

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COOK-Housekeeper required Jan. 10, 1955, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School. Main duty: ordering & preparing mid-day meal average 40 children and 10 adults. Salary £200 p.a. resident. School holidays. Write stating qualifications & experience to Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

NANNIE-Housekeeper reqd. for sole charge woman Dr.'s children, 3½ and 1, Ealing. Widow with child school age or married woman considered. Sep. furn. accom. avail. for couple, etc., or live out. Box 3029.

WEEK-end Help required Saturday lunch to Sunday evening, to look after one-year-old boy. Resident Saturday night. N.W. London. Apply Box 3102.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAMBRIDGE Graduate, English and French, 24, with exp. of book trade, reading for publishers, sks. position in publishing or allied business. Fluent French, wide interests in literature & art, enthusiastic. Anyone offer opportunity? Box 2847.

SOLICITOR (28) in sole practice 3 yrs. sks. London appointment with prospects. Min. commencing salary £750 p.a. Box 2849.

PHILOSOPHY Graduate (f., 24), secretarial & tutoring exper., desires interesting post. Suggestions welcomed. Box 3036.

WOMAN, 30s, well-educated, responsible, wishes employment 3 days weekly or equivalent, literary or commercial, experienced writing, business. Box 2777.

CAMB. Grad., m., 36, sks. interestg. Lond. job, 3 mths. Own car. Box 3165.

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BLACKHEATH: Pleasant, comfortable bed-sitting room for young lady. Fully furnished. Kitchen. 40*s.* Also smaller room 30*s.* References. GRE. 0958.

BAYSWATER, lge. bed-sit. rm., bathrm., for quiet prof. man. C. htg., ck. facs., serv., tel. £2 10*s.* wk. inc. Box 3166.

KENSINGTON and Richmond, large well-furn. rooms, priv. bath, c.h.w., ckg. fac., gdn. PARk 5367 and RIC. 0396.

FURN. room to let to another girl, £3 incl. use kit., bath. Cooklin, 23 Winchester Ct., W.8. WES. 3182, ext. 23.

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SCHOOLS

LINDISFARNE College, Wynnstay Hall, Ruabon, Denbighshire. Two Scholarships of £100 and two of £80 will be awarded on the result of examinations to be held in March, 1955, for entry in September. Boys must be over 13 on January 1, 1955. For particulars apply to the Headmaster

SCHOOLS—continued

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Coeducation 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

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CHRISTMAS at Higham House (Vegetarian Health Centre): a special festive programme has been arranged for guests visiting this lovely country house situated in 20 acres. Write for brochure and Christmas terms: Higham House, Salehurst, nr. Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w., 60 acres. Fr. 4½*gns.* wk. Rushlake Green 321.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

CHRISTMAS and New Year. Old Norton House, the Green, Rottingdean (seaside village along the cliffs from Brighton) will be open again after re-decorations. One or two vacancies for the Xmas house-party. Special terms for the New Year week-end (Fri. to Sun.). Central heating in all rooms and informal atmosphere. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: Donald Chapman, M.P.

IF you have been ill try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air, and cheerful friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Wed. & Fri. 2. "The Chimes," Dickens.

EMBASSY. PRI 2211. The World of Sholom Aleichem. Opens Jan. 11, 1955.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.) Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Top Note." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." A real "Unity" musical. Fris. & Sats. 7.45, Suns 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 19: Raimu in "César" (A). From Dec. 20: Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 18, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly in "If You Feel Like Singing" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8, Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Dec. 19, 7.30; "Le Fruit Defendu" (X) France.

BEST Book now for S.C.R.'s popular colourful New Year's Eve party. Members' Bar, dancing, prizes, &c. Fri., Dec. 31. Tickets, 5s. each, from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WES. 1571).

DANCE. New Year, Jan. 1. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C. 7.30-11. Personalities Diplomatic Corps, Mayor. Multiracial. 10s. dble., 6s. sgle. Social Relations Committee of African National & Cultural Bureau.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Xmas Dance, Sat. Dec. 18, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tkts, 5s.

YOU'VE got a date tomorrow the 18th at the Central London Fabian Society Christmas Party & Dance at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11.30. Admission 3s. 6d. Light refreshments available.

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Sat., Dec. 18, 8-11. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Mem'ship. invited.

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EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Small Prints. Two Canalettos now on sale, each 14in long, 10s. 6d. plus tax 2s. 6d. From all good printsellers.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada Theatre, Walthamstow until Jan. 2. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists. Closing December 24.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30 (closed Dec. 24 & 25). weekdays 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. (Open Boxing Day 2-6). Admission free.

ANCIENT Bronzes from Sardinia. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Closes Dec. 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. 10-8. Admission free.

SOVIET Books & Journals. Art, Science, Literature; Children's books in Russian & English; Library Editions, fine printing & binding. Collet's Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily until Dec. 30 (exc. Suns. and Dec. 24-27). Adm. free.

TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle, the contemporary broadsheet showing with XVIIIth and XIXth Century predecessors. Hungerford Bridge Arch, Festival Hall. Tuesdays and Saturdays, 3-6, Thursdays 6-9.

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 15. Closed Dec. 25-27 incl. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LE Club Contemporain, 5, Whitehorse St., W.1, presents an Exhibition of Ceramics and Water Colours by François Miro daily from 1 p.m. until 7 p.m. from December 12-31. Non-members welcome. GRO. 1804.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. "Plaisirs de l'Epoque 1900." Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes January 1.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 16 (closed Dec. 24 & 25), weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6 (open Boxing Day 2-6). Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition of French and English Lithographs. All Lithographs for sale, from 1 to 10gns. Daily 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Le Corbusier, Water-colours. Molly Moss, Christine Risley, Diana Balfour of Inchrye, Pauline Spender. Till Dec. 30.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Peter King, sculpture. 11-5.30 dly.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Lithographs by the Senefelder Club. Modern Paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Tomas Harris. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Kyffin Williams, the British School at Rome 1953-1954, and Henry Trivick, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until December 23.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition Paintings. Jewellery 1800 B.C.-300 A.D.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent drawings by Andre Minaux. Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sat. 10-12.30 p.m.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1954. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Picasso Pottery & original Artists' prints & lithographs.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Leger Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

RENEL Gallery, Burlington Arcade, W.1. Recent Paintings by Manuel Benaim. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Watercolours by Singier; Etchings by Chagall; Pottery by James Tower.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Hugh Boycott Brown. Dec. 12-Jan. 9.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SIR Herbert Read will speak on "Education Through Art: A Revolutionary Policy," at an open meeting arranged by the Society for Education through Art on Monday, January 3, from 10.30-12.30 and 2.30-4.30 at University College (Chemistry Room C.1), Gower Street, London, W.C.1. Chairman, Mr. A. Barclay Russell. Admission free.

ISRAEL'S Economic Future. Lecture by Mr. H. H. Margalit, Econ. & Financ. Counsellor, Israel Embassy. Monday, December 20, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Chair.: Mr. I. Jezierski. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Group presents "Children in Court." Probation Officer Miss M. E. Dawkins talks about juvenile delinquency. Wed., Dec. 22. Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1, at 8 p.m. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

CHRISTMAS celebration, 3.30 p.m., Sun., Dec. 19. Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse by Tom Wardle. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. Vivian Lipman on "Anglo-Jewry 1815-1914." Monday, Dec. 20, Horse Shoe Hotel (next Dominion Theatre), W.1. 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

R. S. W. POLLARD: "Euthanasia." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hamp. Tube, Mon., Dec. 20, at 8.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m., Dec. 19. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Mithras and the Christmas Festival." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. December 19: "Are Christ and Buddha Unique?"

"THE Blue Continent & Italian Red Sea Underwater Expedition." Illustrated lecture by Dr. Vailati. Central Hall, Tues., Jan. 4, at 8. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Hall (Whi. 4259) & Agents.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 7.30 p.m., Dec. 29, Ashley Bramall, "The Labour Party in 1955." (No meeting Dec. 22.) 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Mr. Adamovitch (Manchester), "Alexander Blok"; Club closed holidays. Jan. 14, 8 p.m., recital Russian songs by Tatiana Preston (Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky).

SOVIET Medical Specialists. Prof. Shabanov on Pathogenesis and Treatment of Vascular Diseases; Prof. Kavetsky on Role of Nervous System in Devt. of Experimental Tumours; Dr. Borisov on Health Resort Treatment. Mon., Dec. 20, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "What Reason Can and Cannot do." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., December 19, at 7 p.m.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Dec. 17. Major G. Adcock, "The Evolution of Sex." Fridays, Dec. 24 and 31. No meeting.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

APPLICATIONS for Training in Clinical and Educational Psychology. Applications are invited from suitably qualified people for a three-term training as psychologists in the field of Child Guidance. The training will take place within Child Guidance Clinics. Some grants are available. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Forms of application, together with further particulars, from The Education Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1. Applns. to be returned by Dec. 31, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for the following courses for the session 1955-1956. Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology: Candidates must possess a good honours degree in psychology, or its equivalent, and have had at least two years' teaching experience. To be eligible for a grant from the Ministry of Education they must be qualified teachers with at least five years' teaching experience. The course is a full-time one lasting one year. Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood: Candidates must be qualified teachers (whether graduates or not) with some teaching or other relevant experience. To be eligible for a grant from the Ministry of Education they must be qualified teachers with at least five years' teaching experience. Further particulars and application forms for the above courses may be obtained from the Head of the Education Department, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Institute of Education. Supplementary Course for Teachers of Educationally Sub-Normal Children. A full-time one-year course open to graduate and non-graduate teachers will commence in October, 1955. The course provides further training for work with educationally sub-normal children in Special Schools and Special Classes. Ministry of Education or Local Education Authorities' assistance may be available to students who are accepted for the course, and in certain circumstances Local Education Authorities are able to grant leave of absence with pay. Syllabuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Department, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. All applications should be sent as soon as possible to the Head of the Department at the same address.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"FOREIGN Policy in a Changing World." Fabian New Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, December 31-January 2. Geoffrey de Freitas, Hugh Gaitskell, T. E. M. McKitterick, Michael Stewart. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

RUSKIN College, Oxford, announces a number of scholarships for men and women between the ages of 20 and 35, for the year beginning October, 1955. Scholarships cover tuition, board and accommodation at the College, and a personal allowance. Courses are provided in Economics, Political Theory and Institutions, Modern History, Industrial Relations, etc. No formal educational qualifications are required—students are selected by interview, following the submission of an essay. Full particulars can be obtained from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford. The closing date for final applications (with essays) is March 14, 1955.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegacy invites applications for a research studentship from graduates who wish to undertake research in social work. The studentship will be of £400 tenable for one year in the first instance. Applications should be made before December 31 to the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont Street, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc. Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

COURSES for London Univ. Entrance, Inter. & Degree Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., etc. Highly qualified Tutors; low fees. Pros. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

THE Ariel School of Dance & Drama. Under direction of Leslie French. 2 year Acting Course. 3 year Teaching Course. Prospectus from Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London, N.1.

HEATHERLEY Art School. Founded 1945. Sound vocational training. Full/part-time. 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

SHORTHAND-typewriting 6 months' part-time course and 3 months' refresher course begin January. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons: beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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